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No. 8902.—Vol. LVII. *TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3, 1893.* *Price One Penny.*

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Sir Augustus Harris.
EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, A LIFE OF PLEASURE. By Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. (The greatest success Drury Lane has ever known.)
Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Lily Hanbury (by permission of H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.), Miss Laura Linden, Miss Le Thiere, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Dacre, Mr. Frank H. Fenton, Mr. William Elton, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. Clarence Holt, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. Robert Soutar, and Mr. Harry Nicholls.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT and EVERY SATURDAY, at 1.30. Doors open 1 o'clock. Box-office open from 10 A.M. all day.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
Mr. Tree, Sole Lessee and Manager.
TO-NIGHT at 8.15, a new play in 4 acts, by Henry Arthur Jones, called
THE TEMPTER.
Mr. Tree; Messrs. Fred. Terry, F. Everill, Fuller Mellish, G. W. Anson, Charles Allan, Holman Clark, Revelle, Bantie, Wyatt, Paton, Cowie, &c.; Mrs. Tree, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mrs. E. H. Brooke, and Miss Julia Neilson. Scenery by Messrs. W. T. Hemsley, J. Harker, and W. Hann. Music by Mr. Edward German.
MATINEE of THE TEMPTER, EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, at 2.
Seats may now be booked two months in advance at the Box-office (Mr. Leverton) from 10 till 5; also by letter or telegram.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Charles Wyndham.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.50, Lecocq's celebrated Comic Opera,
LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.
(Last Two Weeks).
Mesdames Juliette Nesville, Amy Augarde, 14. Crellon, M. A. Victor, Ella Jeffreys, F. Frances, B. Vere; Messrs. Courtice Pounds, W. Blakeley, S. Valentine, W. Dale, C. Davenport, S. Hemsley, G. Humphery. At 8.15, POOR MIGNONETTE. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2. Doors open at 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.
TO-NIGHT, at 8, A WOMAN'S REVENGE, by Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Charles Warner, Charles Cartwright, Herbert Flemming, Rutge Harding, John Carter, and Arthur Williams, Mesdames Mary Rorke, Alma Stanley, Florence L. Forster, Agnes Thomas. Box-office 10 to 6. Doors open 7.30.

GAIETY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, George Edwardes.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8, Audran's charming Comic Opera,
LA MASCOTTE,
with the following powerful cast:—
Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Katie Seymour, and Miss Florence St. John; Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Mr. Charles Conyers, Mr. George Mudie, and Mr. Robert Pateman.
Box-Office open 10 to 6 daily. Doors open 7.45. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, October 7.

GLOBE THEATRE.
Lessee, Mr. Fred Wyatt.
CHARLEY'S AUNT,
By Brandon Thomas.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
Preceded, at 8, by JOHN THURGOOD, FARMER.
MATINEE of CHARLEY'S AUNT EVERY SATURDAY, at 3. Doors open 2.30. Box-office open 10 to 5.

COMEDY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. Comyns Carr.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, a new and original play, in four Acts, by Sydney Grundy, entitled
SOWING THE WIND.
Mr. Brandon Thomas, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Ian Robertson, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Byron; Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Annie Hughes, Mrs. Campbell Bradley, and Miss Winifred Emery.
Doors open 7.45. Box-office (Mr. Sarsbrick) open 10 to 5. Seats may also be booked by letter or telegram, and at the principal libraries.
MATINEE SATURDAY, October 14, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.—COMEDY THEATRE.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.
Manager—Fr. Je Harris.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, MOROCCO BOUND (165th time). John L. Shine, Charles Danby, Tempiar Saxe, Lilian Redfern, and Lotty Lind. At 7.45, REX HARLEY, the inimitable mimic of popular actors. Box-office 10 to 10. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Proprietor, Sir John Lancaster.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, Augustin Daly's Company, in
THE FORESTERS.
By Alfred Lord Tennyson, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan.
Mrs. ADA REHAN as MAID MARIAN,
Arthur Bourchier as Robin Hood, and Herbert Gresham, George Clarke, Lloyd Dashigny, Catherine Lewis, &c.
FIRST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, October 7, at 2. Box-office daily, 9 to 2. Seats also at all Libraries and by telegraph and telephone. Doors open 7.40.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Open 7.30. At 8.40, the Grand Ballet FIDELIA, at 10.30, CHICAGO. Grais's Marvellous Baboon and Donkey (first appearance in England), Thora, The Three Castles, R. H. Douglass, The Poluskis, Amy Lyster, The LILLEY SISTERS, &c., &c.

EMPIRE.
TO-NIGHT, Two Grand Ballets. KATRINA, at 8, and the Up-to-Date Ballet, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, at 10, invented by Mr. George Edwardes, the whole arranged by Monsieur Hansi Lanner, the music specially composed, and incidental music arranged by Monsieur Leopold Wenzel. The following artistes are engaged to support these two grand spectacles:—Mdlle. Heva Sarcy, Sicnorina Swinga, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. John Ridley, Mr. W. Bishop, Signor Vincenti, and Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi. Costumes by Wilhelm, executed by Miss Fisher, Madame Auguste et Cie., and Mr. M. Angel. Scenery by Messrs. Ryan, Telbin, and Henry Emden. Varieties at 7.45: Armand Arry, Cinquevalli Marie Lloyd, Charles Morritt, Tilbury, Ardel and Donaldson, R. G. Knowles, Brothers Webb, &c., &c. Doors open, 7.30.

THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.
At no place in the world can so many sights be seen as at the Royal Aquarium. The Aquarium Area a Tobacco Growth and Manufacture. See the Wonderful Performing Dogs. The False Friend. The Great Dive Through the Roof. See the Champion Divers of the World. Great Russian Waxworks and Tortures. Free Varieties, 12 noon. Special (free) Grand Varieties, 2 and 7. Entertainments. Performing animals. Jo Bengalis. The Four-Legged Dancer. Enoch's Tank Performances. Performing animals. Jo Bengalis. The Four-Legged Dancer. Strong Men of France, Ballet Quartette, &c., &c., &c. All free. Concert (free), 8.50. See (Theatre) 4 and 8, the Boxing Kangaroo, &c., &c. Grand Swimming Entertainments, 5 and 10. Free Billiard Promenade, Read v. Taylor (Thurston's table). Talking and Laughing Seal. The Human Phenomenon eating candles, coal, coke, &c.

COMING TO A HEAD.

Yesterday the Matabele brought themselves into direct conflict with the Chartered Company by firing upon one of its police patrols. Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, is convinced that the attack was an act of deliberate hostility; he thoroughly understands that an impi of 7,000 men does not invade a neighbouring country and walk up and down therein with pacific intentions. In fact, there is no use in concealing the fact that war has broken out. Some are loud in their clamours that not the Matabele but ourselves are the aggressors, that Lobengula and his Indunas desire that we should peacefully leave Mashonaland and leave them peacefully to carry on their natural work of pillaging the kraals, stealing the women and oxen, and murdering the men-folk of the Mashona tribes. Now they know that the instinctive savagery of the Matabele is provoked into outbreak by other sights than the sight of a Mashona woman. It is now certain that if the white men insist upon the observation of certain regulations about the sanctity of frontiers and the right of even a black man to hold his own property, the Matabele will do their utmost to drive the white man into the sea. Sir Henry Loch evidently understands that this business is not to be settled by a half-hearted apology from Lobengula. His people cannot profess that they fired upon our police in a moment of inadvertence; the deliberateness of the act is obvious. In fact, if this morning's telegram told us nothing else it would tell us that the Matabele are intent upon war. Therefore, Sir Henry Loch has given Dr. Jameson orders to take whatever steps may be necessary for the protection of the colonists. He has some two thousand men under his command; these are divided among four forts. For the present, we assume that their operations will be defensive. The Government has ordered the Company not to strike before it is assured that its blows will drive home, not to undertake any operations whose end it cannot see. That two thousand Englishmen can easily account for a single impi of seven thousand men is sufficiently obvious. But five or six impis of similar strength, especially if they were concentrated upon one point, might be difficult to cope with. Therefore we trust that Dr. Jameson will interpret Sir Henry Loch's orders cautiously. Mr. Buxton has said—and he will not be allowed to forget his words—that "if Lobengula chose to attack the Company's "forts and to take aggressive action, the Company would be "perfectly justified in making an aggressive movement "against him and his forces." And it is very certain that, whether Dr. Jameson chooses to avail himself of Mr. Buxton's permission or not, the Matabele mean to drive our men back to the coast.

Hitherto the Government has advised a policy of caution—a policy which, under the circumstances, is the only one which rational men can adopt. We have hoped that the Company would fall in with this advice, on the understanding that the Government shall fulfil its promise to support the Colonists when the time for striking comes. We still advise caution, for two reasons. To fight only when a battle is directly provoked would be as disastrous at the present crisis as to submit tamely to defeat. Therefore the Company must be sure before it starts that it has the means and the power to carry on its warfare to the legitimate issue. If it is strong enough now to meet the whole effective force of the Matabele, to "crumple up" their impis, to scatter them to the four winds of heaven, and to run them to earth in their own kraals, let it strike at once. It would be the utterest folly to undertake any operation which will not end in prompt and decisive victory. But if the Company's forces are efficient, if the whole body of the colonists are ready, by all means let the war be carried through. There are English people, indeed, who are as much the Company's deadly enemies as the Matabele themselves. They would suffer not a qualm if the forts in Mashonaland were razed, if the white men's bones were left to rot in the sun, and if the Mashonas' cattle and women were once more the natural sport of any enterprising Induna who chooses to lust after them. The Aborigines' Protector is now sedulously misrepresenting the Company and crying out against the expense of another little war. If the Company has to wait till all the philanthropic faddists in England are satisfied with their policy, they may as well retire at once from the country. Meanwhile we wait with some anxiety the decision of the Colonial Office. So far as we can make out it is pledged to the throat: it must support the Company in its course of obedience. We trust that it will not revert to the old South African policy of accepting and avenging defeats alternately. We were foolish with the Zulus, and before that with the Kaffirs; we were cowardly with the Boers. Let us at any rate show the Matabele that we mean to be respected.

THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

(By a Balliol Pupil.)

It was in 1870 that there came the great change in Jowett's position. Dr. Scott went off to the deanery of Rochester, and Jowett became Master of Balliol, and entered upon the final and full development of his powers. It was a tradition in the college that Dr. Jenkyns, in his annual reading of the old Latin statutes in the College Hall, used to lay particular stress on three words which occurred in them: "*Sit Magister caput*." The reading was disused before Jowett became Master, but the spirit of the words can never have been better realized by any predecessor. It was anticipated that he would prove no *roi fainéant*. "We shall have," wrote T. H. Green at the time, "a *régime* of strong personal government, and in many respects shall be the better for it." The prediction was amply fulfilled; but shortly after Green was able also to write: "I feel comfort from the admirable conduct of the new Master, which is really without a flaw, all minor defects having disappeared with his elevation." Such testimony from such a source—for Professor Green, though an attached friend, was of rugged honesty in his opinions of others and was not always in sympathy with Jowett's philosophical and social tenets—is strong indeed, but it is not too strong. The recluse student seemed bent on demonstrating *in propriâ personâ* the truth of his great teacher's doctrine that the philosopher when he condescends to the care of the world makes the best of rulers. As Master of his college, and still more fully as Vice-Chancellor of the University in the years 1882-6, he showed himself a singularly capable academic statesman and man of affairs. He also became a man of the world and a personage in society. Besides his ever-increasing series of distinguished pupils and college friends yearly growing in importance in the world, he had already formed a wide and interesting circle of acquaintance with men of mark in every walk of life. As Master he had a better opportunity than ever before of discharging the duty and enjoying the pleasures of hospitality. Now began that series of weekly *réunions* at the Lodgings at Balliol, in which in turn almost every one of intellectual note in English society seemed to participate; yet all the while, by a marvellous economy of his moments, the Master found time to keep up much of his old tutorial habits, seeing his undergraduates personally, hearing college essays, preaching twice every term in the College Chapel, and time also to discharge his professorial duties. As regards these latter he now gathered up the results of his earlier labours and gave them to the world. It was as Master that he published the three successive editions of his translation of Plato in 1871, 1875, and 1892; his translation of Thucydides in 1881, and of the Politics of Aristotle in 1885.

Balliol had already set its house in order and anticipated—nay, it was thought, promoted—the second University Commission, and was not much affected internally by it. The growth of the University, however, during the years from 1870 to the present day has been extraordinarily rapid and various, and to keep pace with it taxed even Jowett's untiring and well-distributed industry. As Vice-Chancellor he was perhaps even unnecessarily conscientious and assiduous in the endeavour to enter into every detail, and make a reality of even formal duties, and the conclusion of his term of office left him undoubtedly much worn and exhausted; and though the results did not immediately appear, it was then probably that the decline of strength began which at last this time two years ago threatened to terminate—and has now, alas! terminated—fatally. From his serious breakdown of 1891 he recovered wonderfully, and for the last two years, though he gave up much of his University work, he has been able to return to his old habits of teaching and preaching at Westminster Abbey as well as in college, of reading and writing, of entertaining and visiting. This "Indian summer" of his life was very grateful to him. His illness gave many friends the opportunity of expressing the sympathy and love they had long felt. The brilliancy of his rule may be said to have culminated in the remarkable banquet last July at Balliol,

DRAMATIC NOTES.

When did the word "Bohemia" come into general use in England to represent the Debateable Land? The question is suggested by the new play at the Comedy Theatre. The heroine speaks of the life of her youth with all its disordered evil surroundings as life "in Bohemia." Was the phase in current use in the England of 1833? The actual use of the word is much older in France, where it is said to be found in Saint Simon and Mdme. de Sevigné, but it only came into anything like popular language when it was adopted by Balzac and Henri Murger. Balzac's "Un Prince de la Bohême" belongs to 1840, and Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême" to some years later. Was the phrase which Balzac revived and which Murger made classic in use in England in the reign of William IV. so many years before Balzac, so many years before Murger wrote their Bohemian stories? The most famous allusion to Bohemia in English literature is of course the allusion in Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip," but "The Adventures of Philip" was published a generation later than the time in which "Sowing the Wind" is set. Philip entered Bohemia sometime in which "Sowing the Wind" is set. Philip entered Bohemia something like twenty years after the period of "Sowing the Wind," and Thackeray says that "what is now called Bohemia had no name in Philip's young days, though many of us knew the country very well."

As "Bohemia" is a slang term, the most obvious course would be to look for the word in one of the dictionaries especially devoted to slang. But the obvious is not always the successful course. Neither Barrère and Leland's "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant," nor Farmer's "Slang and its Analogue," nor the "Slang Dictionary," which Camden Hotten edited, take any notice whatever of the word. So far, the question whether Rosamund Grey could or would have used the word remains unanswered. According to Balzac, Bohemia was located in the Boulevard des Italiens and was composed of young men between twenty and thirty, all men of genius, all little known, but destined to be known: writers, diplomatists, soldiers, journalists, painters. Murger summed it up in the axiom that Bohemia was the starting-point of the artistic life, that it was the prelude of the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue, and that it only existed and was only possible in Paris. To Thackeray it was—but all the world knows Thackeray's description of the land of locusts eating (with lots of cayenne pepper). Rosamund Grey's Bohemia, if she had a Bohemia, was like unto none of these.

The world has lately been informed anew that M. Sardou is a man of desperate energy. The list of his published plays is an exceeding long list, and includes more than thirty pieces of all sorts and conditions. But this does not represent all his work, for many of his pieces have been performed that have not been published. There are "Dora" and "Fedora," "Odette," "Les Merveilleuses," "Theodora," "Thermidor," "Le Crocodile," and others, which for one reason or another M. Sardou has not seen fit to print. Friendly critics say that this is for the sake of his copyrights; an unkind critic has suggested that it is for the sake of his literary reputation. But all this mass of plays, printed and performed, represents only a portion of M. Sardou's work, a small portion of what he wishes or has wished to do. It seems that M. Sardou has in his study the plot and bare outline of some 250 pieces that are still waiting to be written, and that a fifth of these have received their titles. All they need is to be amplified, and this M. Sardou thinks he will scarcely accomplish. What a chance it would be for the weary seekers after stories, for the hungry for situations, for the plotless, to be turned loose in M. Sardou's study for some twenty-four hours and allowed to pillage the carefully docketed, carefully indexed leather cases which contain these schemes and sketches. And what a number of amazing plays would be the result.

In all that has been written about stage devils since the production of "The Tempter" we do not remember to have seen that one interesting "devil performance was alluded to. It is possible that all the admirers of Mr. Charles Wyndham are not aware that he, too, has played that part in which Mr. Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree have sought so eagerly to distinguish themselves. It is true that Mr. Wyndham did not play the part of Mephistopheles for very long, nor did he afford London any great facility for seeing and for studying his representation. But it is to be set down to his account that he did, once at least, appear as Mephistopheles at an afternoon performance of "Faust" at the Crystal Palace a good many years ago. The Faust of the occasion was Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the Margaret was Miss Eastlake, the Valentine the late Mr. Edmund Leathes, and, as we have said, the Mephistopheles was Mr. Charles Wyndham. It is not a part exactly in Mr. Wyndham's line, and he did not persevere with it. London was never favoured with a sight of Mr. Wyndham as the Fiend in scarlet habit and cock's feather in his cap vanishing into trees, and doing all the rest of the conventional *diablerie*. If it had it might, perhaps, have liked the creation as well as it came to like Mr. Irving's demon, and as it now likes Mr. Tree's.

The lovers of the writings of the late Octave Feuillet will welcome the new and complete edition of his plays which is in course of publication with Calmann Levy. The series is to be complete in five volumes, of which the fourth has lately appeared. Octave Feuillet is perhaps better known in London as a novelist than a dramatist. Many are familiar with "Les Amours de Philippe" or "Julia de Trécœur" who know nothing of his plays. Yet his plays are as attractive as his novels; they have the same merits if they have the same defects, and there be those who go so far as to assert that they would rather read Octave Feuillet the dramatist than Octave Feuillet the novelist. A hostile critic has described his "Proverbes" as the work of a "heavy-handed Musset," but the reproach is over-severe. Feuillet was not and could not be a Musset, but his "Proverbes" are very delightful, none the less though they do not constitute the most important portion of his dramatic work. Artistically Feuillet was a child of the Second Empire, and his plays, like his novels, reflect the period, its influences, and its tendencies with a curious blend of realism and romanticism.

The production of "The Foresters" at Daly's Theatre to-night serves to remind the curious in theatrical books of the existence of a rare edition of Lord Tennyson's play. It is the "Souvenir Edition," which was printed for Mr. Augustin Daly in commemoration of the production of the play at his New York Theatre on the 17th of last March twelvemonth. Only a very few copies of this edition were printed for Mr. Daly's private use to distribute among his friends. The volume is in every respect an exact facsimile of the English first edition—with indeed the difference that it contains the cast of the players who played it in New York. Those who love microscopic peculiarities may, however, be interested to learn that the misprint on page 88 of the English first edition which gives Act II. for Act III.—a misprint which in the eyes of some book-lovers would constitute an additional charm—has been corrected in Mr. Daly's volume. The Souvenir Edition contains a portrait of Miss Rehan as Maid Marian.

when over fifty members of both Houses of Parliament, representative of a still larger number, assembled under the presidency of their old tutor and Master.

AS A WRITER AND A TALKER.

In his writings Professor Jowett was a man of letters rather than a scholar, and a scholar rather than a grammarian. More careful of the spirit than of the letter, he has been taxed, and at times with justice, of serious verbal inaccuracy. His translations are liberal rather than literal. He went on the broad issues and the general meaning. Oddly enough, though he was no admirer of Bentley he really resembled him in temper not a little, and was always proceeding on the Bentleian maxim that "reason and the facts of the case are worth more than a hundred manuscripts." He even propounded the theory that it is legitimate occasionally to depart from the original if by so doing you can improve your author, and make him what he would have been at his best. Applied to Thucydides, this method produces too smooth and elegant a presentation: a Thucydides painted as Oliver Cromwell did not wish to be, "without his warts." Applied to Plato it is more successful. For Professor Jowett was a keen thinker and a great stylist. He said that he never had time to write as well as he thought he could have done, and there are traces of inequality and discontinuity in his introductions, but taken as a whole they have a wonderful and individual charm of style, and rank with the best English writing of our time. The same gift of expression appeared in his sermons and in his conversation.

He was when he talked a very good talker, not straining at epigram, but crisp and pointed, clean cut and clean cutting, with a good, but not too good, memory for good stories, and in all ways a delightful host and guest. He was accused sometimes of being too fond of Balliol, and too fond of success. He had, it is true, a pardonable devotion to Balliol. He believed in her traditions and her ethos. He had the instinct of patriotism, but if he began with his own country he could look beyond it. He was jealous of the greatness and efficiency of Oxford, and, indeed, of all learned society. He served them well as Professor and Vice-Chancellor. He was specially devoted to the interests of the Indian Civilian Students and of the Non-Collegiate Body; he would always give his money or his time to anything which would make Oxford wide and comprehensive, be it a Medical or an Engineering school, or the affiliation of local and University colleges, or the development of Oxford examinations outside Oxford. Success he valued as the best practical test of efficiency. He was afraid, if a young man left the beaten track, either in thought or in his career, that he would "find no end in wandering mazes lost." He had seen so much of visionary enthusiasm ending in impotence or hopeless entanglement that he appeared sometimes to forget that little that is new or great is done without enthusiasm. For he had himself a genius for common sense, and if as a Platonist he was theoretically appreciative of ideals, like Plato, he rested on Socrates, and brought the Socratic method of demonstrating to young men their own ignorance to bear with at times almost trying success. Perhaps he preferred the English Socrates, Dr. Johnson, even to the Greek; on Dr. Johnson, if on any one, he seemed to model much of his method of thought and talk, and he wrote a delightful paper on him which he read to the lady students of Oxford, and which it is to be hoped may some day be published. No one certainly ever endeavoured more constantly to clear his own mind and other people's minds of cant. Many stories were naturally current of his sagacity and practical shrewdness in detecting ignorance or imposture; but then, as he becomes older, many stories accumulate and accrete round the head of a college, and he hears, as Jowett heard, the tales he has told of his predecessors made to apply to himself.

AS HEAD OF HIS COLLEGE.

In his interest in the life of his college, he showed himself remarkably catholic. Nothing which could help or advance it was foreign to his sympathy. He liked to see his boat at the head of the river. It was twice there during his Mastership. He even drove over in a drag to Henley to see it compete against all comers. He headed with lavish generosity the subscription for a new cricket ground, and wrote countless letters with his own hand to old members asking their support. He tempered gymnastic with music and, though not musical himself, imported Mr. Farmer from Harrow, and gave him, aided by Mr. Nettleship, all help in hall and chapel. When the college gave a ball no one was more keen about its going off or the fair visitors enjoying themselves fully than the silver-haired Master himself—the first to enter, the last to leave the hall. Nor did he forget the city or citizens of Oxford either as Vice-Chancellor or at other times, promoting the cause of the High School and other public institutions, and inviting the leading citizens from time to time to his hospitable gatherings.

He was very fond of biography, and excelled himself as a biographer. Nothing could be better than the summary sketches which he gave at college gaudies or gatherings of the past members of the college, or, perhaps in a graver key, in his sermons in the chapel, or the fuller "impressions of character" which he contributed to the lives of Lord Westbury, Lord Sherbrooke, or Arnold Toynbee. A notice of the Duke of Bedford sent by him to the *Spectator* was another admirable specimen, and his estimate of General Gordon, in a college sermon, which found its way into the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was felt to be the best of the many pronouncements on that remarkable man. He has made, it is understood, similar contributions to the lives hereafter to appear of two very special and valued friends, Professor Henry Smith, so long his right hand at Balliol, and Lord Tennyson.

In religion as in politics he was of course a Liberal, and in earlier days in both a fighting Liberal, an ardent champion for liberty of thought and opinion, and the removal of all tests and restrictions. When the battle was over and the free field won, he did not perhaps exactly define his own position in it, and to attempt to define it accurately would require much care, thought, time, and space. He would not republish his edition of the Epistles, for he said his own views and the position of the questions had shifted. He preferred to remain an advocate of impartial toleration, holding out a hand of welcome to the Free Churches, the friend of all religions, both in attitude and in act, but caring less, or at any rate speaking less, perhaps, as time went on, of honest doubt than of pure and unselfish action. The friend of Dean Stanley and of James Martineau, he remained, of course, the broadest of Broad Churchmen; but one of his recent acts was to propose Mr. Gore, of the Pusey House, for whom he had a great personal affection and regard, for the post of Bampton Lecturer.

In politics in the same way, it was natural that he should be a Unionist, for his sympathies had always been with a Whig aristocracy of intellect and government by the wisest. Not a few will remember the warmth with which, as Vice-Chancellor, he welcomed John Bright to the Doctor's degree, adding to the usual formal *vir insignissime* the words *Patriæ ac libertatis amantissime*. But these sympathies, if they drew him still closer to old friends like Lord Selborne or Lord Sherbrooke, did not prevent his retaining and cultivating the friendship of men of different political allegiance, like Lord Rosebery or his own pupil the present Home Secretary.

He was indeed in all things a man full of public spirit, high-souled, thinking himself worthy of great ends and proving worthy of them; a singular and potent individuality in his day and generation, and an intellectual force destined to have effect on many minds hereafter. But just now his old friends—above all, his old pupils—will think of the more private and softer side of his character and life, of his generous—nay, lavish—bestowal upon them of his money, and, what was still more precious, his time and his sympathetic and stimulating interest; of his goodness to his secretaries and his servants in the college and in his own house, for he entirely belied the cynical saying, and was a great man and at the same time a dear friend to those immediately about him and under him.

No better specimens of his literary felicity can be found than are afforded by the dedications of his books—to Bishop Temple, to Lord Sherbrooke, to the Rev. William Rogers, and to his old pupils. But this last is the most characteristic of all. His greatest work, his Plato, he dedicated for the third time only last year as follows:—"To my former pupils in Balliol College and in the University of Oxford, who during fifty years have been the best of friends to me, these volumes are inscribed in grateful recognition of their never-failing attachment." The sad privileges of that attachment belong to all and each of them to-day.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

It is astonishing that any one ever supposed the French to have made any concessions to the Siamese. The text of the new treaty is now published, and it seems to us that M. Le Myre de Vilers has scored every point he meant to score. We are weary of describing his diplomatic crimes in the words that suit them. Here, however, is a document that justifies every one of those remarks which brought the French newspapers round our head in wrath. As before Battambang and Siem-reap are to be evacuated by the Siamese troops, and the right bank of the Mekong is to be left vacant within a radius of fifteen miles. The security that this Naboth's vineyard will be left open to the hand of the spoiler when he wants it is Chantabun, which will be occupied until all the Mekong posts have been evacuated; and, we fancy, for a long time afterwards.

Scandalous as these provisions are, we were more or less prepared for them. Every one also knew that the French would be allowed to seize the right bank of the Mekong wherever the improvement of the waterway required the presence of French engineers under a French flag. We expected that the French would insist upon having consuls everywhere they wanted them, and upon a permit for French subjects to travel and trade independent of treaty. But whose fancy could have fashioned such a parody of all the principles of justice as the article which describes the approaching solution of the problem, How to punish the authors of the Tong-Kieng-Khan and the Cammon outrages? M. Le Myre de Vilers has arranged that the Siamese survivors shall be tried by Siamese authorities. A representative of France will be there—to see that the sentences are carried out. The possibility of a verdict of Not Guilty does not enter into the French calculations. No Siamese will venture to exonerate persons who are being tried to stanch the French thirst for justice. But, if the sentences are insufficient, France will have the farce of a trial played over again by a mixed tribunal, which can be trusted to satisfy her desires.

All French subjects now in prison are to be given up to the French Minister, and the Bang-Bien of Tong-Kieng-Khan will be marched to the French Legation, with the arms his people seized and the French flag he was wicked enough to capture when a gang of marauding Frenchmen attacked him. There he will lie, secure in the prospect of a fair trial, until such time as he has been sentenced by a Siamese judge heavily enough to please the French assessor. The history of civilization does not record so signal an outrage upon those principles of justice for whose observance every Frenchman clamours. And, indeed, the treaty is designed so as to be difficult or impossible of ratification, and thus to give France every excuse for tightening her grip on the wretched country which even now lies at her mercy.

The Church Congress opens to-day. There are two great advantages attaching to these annual gatherings, and, so far as we know there are no serious drawbacks. In the first place the meeting of representative Churchmen on a common platform has done much to diminish the acerbity of controversy between the different schools which must always exist in a Church Catholic enough to be National. That there has been a decided change for the better in the tone and temper of theological discussions of late years is admitted, and some not inconsiderable share of the credit must be given to the Church Congress. When sensible men meet face to face, it is very soon discovered that the points of agreement altogether outnumber the points of difference, and co-operation on common grounds takes the place of bitter antagonism. If this were the only merit of Church Congresses they would have justified their existence.

But there is another, and perhaps not a less valuable advantage. Once in every year, and in different parts of the country, the leading members of the Church of England, clerical and lay, are brought into direct personal contact with men who are not in sympathy with the teachings of the Church. Thus, for instance, the Nonconformists of the Midlands are presenting an address to the Church Congress. Forty years ago this would have been impossible. And just as these reunions modify bitterness within the Church, so they diminish the irritation which exists between the Establishment and other religious bodies outside its pale. As a matter of fact, the hostility of the Liberationists is an anachronism. It is idle in these days to prate about religious liberty. It exists. There is no doubt a certain soreness amongst a class of Nonconformists on the score of the different social status occupied by clergymen. But the difference is not due to the fact that the Church of England is established and endowed, but to the fact that parsons are, as a rule, recruited from a different social layer from that which supplies Nonconformity with its ministers. And all the Disestablishment in the world will not affect this circumstance.

And this is being recognized by the better and the more cultured of the Nonconformist ministers themselves. They see that the famine in religious teaching will not be stayed by robbing the most numerous and active religious body in the country of the means of carrying on their work. And they are beginning to realize that they themselves are being made tools of by astute electioneering politicians. Birmingham a few years ago was the capital of aggressive Nonconformity. Birmingham is still the headquarters of a powerful Dissenting organization, but its aggressiveness is much modified, and a cry of universal disestablishment would not now rally the Midlands to Mr. Gladstone.

Dear *Daily Chronicle*, a business man expects a certain return upon his capital, and that return is measured by various conditions of the market, mainly by the scarcity or plentifulness of money. If, owing to a fall in the price of the commodities he is selling, the return diminishes, he will in due time, if not promptly, take out his capital and invest it elsewhere, where the percentage of profit is maintained. If he is able to reduce his men's wages and so keep up his profit, of course he will not mind. We say nothing as to the selfishness or immorality of this: we merely desire to establish for the edification of excellent but somewhat impulsive people that there are such things as "rigid truths of political economy." Moreover, we should like to point out mildly that "if man was not made for political economy," neither was man made, say, for mathematics or astronomy. And yet two and two are four in despite of him, and the earth goes round the sun, howsoever he shakes his fist.

Mr. Asquith has fulfilled his promise and appointed a Commission of three to investigate the Featherstone riots. We are glad that he has lost no time, for the sooner we are able to reach a definite conclusion the better. The constitution of the Commission is admirable; not one of the three is in any sense a "party" man. Lord Bowen is unexceptionable; and both Sir Albert Rollit and Mr. Haldane are capable of laying aside the bias of their individual politics. For ourselves we welcome the inquiry. We have always held the same position. From all accounts the action of the magistrate and the officer was justified; and the men who were shot were shot in pursuit of the only course available. But if the accounts were wrong let us know it; we are quite prepared to accept the verdict of the Commission.

There is a healthy American ring about the latest attractions promised by the Queen of Watering Places. The far-famed Dyke Park is to be made more glorious and accessible by means of an aerial flight railway, a miniature Rigi line up and down the "Devil's Punch Bowl," and a light tramway to and from the station for the benefit of trippers. This is the scheme of a Mr. Brewer, C.E., who came, saw, and was so much overcome by the natural beauties of the estate that, being an enterprising sort of genius, he set to work to see in what possible manner they could be enhanced. This is mostly the way in which modern admirers show their appreciation of the works of Nature. With the callousness of the 'eave-'alf-a-brick-at-'im native, they say: "Here's a pretty place, let's build a railway to it, and a merry-go-round, and have cheap tickets and a liquor-booth and three shies a penny." And when it is done they survey their handiwork and remark: "Behold, it is very good."

Not that Brighton is exactly a case in point, for her beauties are already civilized down to suit the jaded palate of the City man, who does not like his scenery too "brut." But the Lake railways—we say it fearlessly—are a blot upon the land, like many other well-meant efforts to bring nature within the reach of all. It seems, indeed, as if energy diminishes in proportion as taste increases. When the wilderness had charms for a few, those few would go through labours to attain it; but when the multitude becomes appreciative too, all trouble and danger must be removed. Mahomet may go to the mountain, but the mountain must be brought within reach of his people, and must be carved with little grottoes and steps, and planted with flower-beds, and fitted with refreshment-rooms, such as his people loveth. For they do love it without a doubt. There is a town nestled away up in the very heart of Westmoreland, graced with natural beauties difficult to beat. Yet the natives are wild with self-satisfied bliss, because they have just built themselves a public garden where meadows were before; and have decked it with beds and unsuitable shrubs, and fenced it in with iron railings, and sown grass that none may walk on, and built gates through which no dog may enter. And they call this a "pleasure ground," poor souls!

According to the report upon the demolition of Millbank Prison, it is charitable and kindly to employ the unemployed, but it is not economical. Hands were taken on at 6½*d.* an hour, but the contractor always avoided them, if he could, though their wages were hardly more than half what was paid the regular hands. The cost of cleaning and stacking by the unemployed was something like 12*s.* or 13*s.* a thousand, whereas the cost in the case of regular hands was 7*s.* and 8*s.* The disparity is startling, though it might have been expected. But there is no need to feel alarmed or indignant because men who are excluded from their own special work fail to excel in something for which they have had no kind of training.

Lord Grimthorpe is in the habit of putting his points tersely, and he sums up the present political situation concisely when he says in a letter to the *Times*: "Thousands of people are saying everywhere that if the Prime Minister believed his own words he would jump at an excuse for showing that our contemptible majority of more than ten to one was merely the prejudiced vote of an antiquated debating society, and that the real sense of sovereignty is contained in that select body of non-English patriots of whom Lord Salisbury gave the true description, and of whom Mr. Gladstone used to give the same." Just so, but Lord Grimthorpe will not catch Mr. Gladstone jumping at an excuse to appeal to electors who would certainly give him a hostile verdict.

A strain of political insanity shows itself just now, not only among Anarchists, but also among certain feudalist reactionaries. There is a member of the Guelphic party in Germany, a certain Count von der Decken, who wants to reconstruct Central Europe in a peculiar fashion. The German Empire is to be abolished. The King of Prussia is to assume the title of "Kaiser of Prussia." The eleven provinces of Prussia—let Mr. Gladstone rejoice from the very bottom of his heart!—are to be converted into so many autonomous Crown lands, with Parliaments and Imperial Governors of their own, who are to be selected from the princely families. Austria-Hungary is to be similarly cut up into a series of autonomous States. A "Central European Confederation of States" will be the result.

At its head there are to be a House of Princes and a House of Representatives. The presidency of the former alternates between the Emperors of Austria and Prussia. The House of Representatives is to be composed of delegates of the various autonomous States. There will be a Federal commander-in-chief, but no Federal army! The House of Representatives is to meet at Dresden; the House of Princes at—Prague, of all places in the world. Here is a chance for the Young Czechs. But *eheu, jam satis est.* The Swiss Government paper, *Bund*, rightly remarks that there is room also for a third House—namely, for an asylum in which those are to reside who believe in the realization of this project. An Austrian paper thinks that "in this latter edifice a special cell ought to be reserved for Count von der Decken."

THE OLD CANTEEN SYSTEM IN INDIA.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—In the interesting account of "The New Canteen System in India," published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Friday, it is stated that "in the early part of the century the liquor supplied was rum, of which a fixed ration was available for the soldier to take (or leave) on payment for it." With reference to this and in contrast to "the new canteen system in India," I ask your permission to state that some years ago I copied the following epitaph in the cantonment burial ground at Bangalore, viz.:—

Sacred to the memory of John Wilson, private in his Majesty's 84th Regiment of Foot, who for the awful crime of mutiny suffered death on the 9th November, 1815, with the courage and fortitude of a Christian soldier.

The mutiny was caused by the canteen regulations then in force, under which every soldier was obliged to pay for a dram of arrack (rum was not issued in the Madras Presidency) every day, whether he drank it or not—his pay, in other words, was so far partly then given in kind. The 84th, lately arrived from England, objected to the arrack arrangement, with the result that two privates—John Wilson, who, I have been told, was the right hand man of the Grenadier Company, and Alfred Paget—were shot as mutineers. I tried in vain to find Alfred Paget's tomb; he may have been a Roman Catholic, and have been buried in the Roman Catholic burial ground.

In conclusion, allow me to say that to my personal knowledge "Soldiers' Institutes" have existed in India more than twenty years, though they have been greatly improved in that time.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

October 2. EMERITUS R.A.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

The New Gallery once more runs riot in a saturnalia of pattern. There may be people who have stomach for it. I knew a man who drank three bottles of whisky a day for twenty years and died happy; but I cannot hope to know another, or to find any one quite comfortable after many hours of Arts and Crafts. Seriously, this is not the way to exhibit works of art, or to persuade people that there is something in the composition of lines and masses of tone and colour. Any one who can stand such a jumble of objects, such a total absence of arrangement as prevails here need entertain no fear whoever may decorate and furnish his house. Let me assure him that he will be able to put up with the worst results of riches and bad taste. Of course there are many beautiful and many wonderful things in the New Gallery that one would like to possess, but they charm in spite of the depressing environment set about them by the Arts and Crafts Society. To be just, however, one must admit that this exhibition is somewhat less bewildering than former ones. There are signs that some men believe in simplicity, as something better than the affectation of quaintness, and entertain the view that what is least ornamented is often best decorated.

Doubtless the professional or the specialist in any line will contentedly find his way to what he wants, and ignore the rest. He is offered plenty of choice—wall-tapestry, carpets, needle-work, fans, designs for glass-painting and metal-work, decorative wall-papers, school-wall pictures, chimney-pieces, furniture, and book-binding, printing, and illustration. Among the most interesting exhibits of the west room one may count the numerous designs for glass by Messrs. Burne-Jones, Ford Madox-Brown, Henry Holliday, Walter Crane, Selwyn Image, T. M. Rooke, and others. But before all comes "The Story of St. George," designed for glass by D. G. Rossetti—firstly, because more than half the uncommonness, more than half the affectations, and by far the greater part of the merit of the Arts and Crafts may be traced to Rossetti; and secondly, but not least, on account of the fine qualities of the works themselves. They are not working cartoons, but pictures of rich compacted design, free from useless embroidery, and of composition appropriate to the purpose. One of them, a water-colour, "The Princess Sabra Drawing the Lot" (7), though scarcely in Rossetti's richest vein of colour, is deeper, fuller, and more significant than any other coloured design in the place. The heads in these drawings are planted effectively in the pattern, and the colours, where colour is used, balance each other in harmonious proportions. Some of the furniture has been designed with simplicity, as, for instance, a settee (175) by Mr. R. Blomfield, and one or two pieces by Mr. Mervyn Macartney. Mr. Heywood Sumner's school pictures (122-4) are treated broadly and with a certain simple dignity that fits them for their purpose. Need we say that Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. William Morris are among the most important exhibitors from the variety, size, and number of their contributions. Unquestionably these men are born designers, gifted as they are with an almost too fertile invention in line.

The south or smallest gallery is the most pleasing. It contains small designs only and no colour except what may be found on the backs of books. Two or three cases show the productions of Mr. William Morris's Kelmscott Press. The ornamentation of these books appears to be a revival of fifteenth-century work, and it is excellently carried out and much enhanced by admirable illustrations from Mr. Burne-Jones. The cases containing book-bindings should be visited; most of them display quiet, elegant covers. Several bindings have been designed with extreme simplicity in flowing lines by Mr. D. S. Maccoll, and they present an aspect fit once bold and tranquil that is extremely pleasing. Around the walls hang many drawings in pen or pencil, for the most part studies for book illustration. Here again one meets with notable work by D. G. Rossetti, some of which strikes us as the very root of the Arts and Crafts Society.

Valuable as the movement it has initiated may be, one cannot give unqualified praise to the work of the society as a whole. Blame, however, should be given diffidently, and should not be accepted without caution. In such a case much depends on personal taste, and one can only say of decoration—I do not like it. Speaking for myself, then, I feel that this show sins by its profusion of crowded patterns, often unsuited to the forms they ornament; by an affectation which degrades pictorial motifs, and above all by its ideal of colouring. As a case of misapplication of ornament, one might look at a chimney-piece by Mr. F. Horsley Townsend, which has proved himself in other places a good sculptor of the figure when he treats it for itself. But the ornamentation which he and Mr. W. Graham Robertson have lavished upon the huge block of marble (176) appears like irritable scratching upon an object of Egyptian solidity. The pattern strikes one as out of place and clapped on without any idea of decorating the original form. A fireplace, grate, and chimney-breast (168) designed by Mr. George Jack make little pretence of holding together. Indeed, its three parts wholly disagree; the ironwork below is modelled in a fine old convention; the plaster above shows realistic flying seagulls imprisoned in diamond-shaped compartments which make the very naturalness of the bird's movements unpleasant. In his "Tapestry" (170) Mr. W. Morris deforms the Rossetti-Burne-Jones treatment of a picture. The heads are inferior, the drapery is meaningless, and covering nothing real, yet breaks into innumerable folds. Here, too, are certain colours, certain flowers, and leaf forms from well-known canvases; and, when you look round you see them repeated on every wall in the show, as if nothing could be decorative or fine in the world unless seen through the eyes of Rossetti. Again, when one looks at the stencilled decorations (143), one seems to see figures from a Mantegna in the Louvre, cheapened and popularized to grace an original design by Mr. H. Ingram Taylor. The south room pleased chiefly because it contains few designs in colour. The general aim of the society seems to be to dodge any strong tint, any resonant harmony of colour. So the lines of the skinned rabbit and plucked chicken notably prevail.

But when God designs an arts and craftsman he mercifully deprives him of the colour sense. This, it will be said, is a matter of opinion. But before he decides the point let any one study first the ensemble and then the details of the north room. We have seen some of the ugliest rooms in England, rooms in the houses of people who could afford to make them really nasty, but I never saw anything so wantonly distressingly agreeable. The gentlemen of the Arts and Crafts have told us how bald and soulless is the French designer, how poor and common the artist of the Academy. These vile commercial personages have never, I believe, achieved anything to compare with the ensemble of this room. Yet the decorator has a freer hand than the picture-painter. He need not hamper himself with truth, air, distance, structure, possibility, so he might at least achieve the agreeable. If the society had much colour sense, some qualm would have prevented them from inviting us to look at the effect of the printed cottons (193) hanging on the velveteen curtains (192). What the hanging committee do come across a bit of fine strong colour, as the blue of the silk embroidery (177), they place it against a curtain (180), also good in colour but just made to be its deadly enemy. We cannot naturally go into all the deadly subtleties of this room, and we refrain from criticising the designs themselves as schemes of colour. Some of them are good, probably very good, as they manage to survive the surroundings of the north room. We will only say beware of the pinks, and yet be lenient; remember the colour of the wall on which they are placed.

R. A. M. S.

In "When a Woman's Single" (Messrs. Ward and Downey), Miss Hall, writing once more under the name of M. Eastwood, purports to tell from the humorous point of view the experiences of a young governess. There is no attempt at a plot, and the humour is not of good enough quality to make up for this deficiency. When the governess, halfway through the book, accepts an appointment in the Baltic Provinces, the reader looks for some description of Russian domestic life, but all that he gets is an account—sickeningly familiar to every novel-reader—of the discomforts of travelling in an official-ridden land. Here the writer, who has shown in a former book that she possesses first-hand knowledge of Russian life, has distinctly missed a chance.

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YORKSHIREMEN—PAST AND PRESENT.

The native Yorkshireman is thorough. We have had proof of this quality, with somewhat undesirable illustrations, in the course of the colliers' strike, now drawing towards a quiet end. The Yorkshireman has maintained his essential character: prompt to fight and slow to yield, even when fighting seems useless. As I read in the daily press descriptions of the riotous and destructive proceedings that have marred the otherwise peaceful life of the dales, I am reminded of tales told by the fireside of my Yorkshire home.

Among the memories of my childhood the clearest and most delightful is "Uncle William." He was a typical Yorkshireman, of giant height and breadth, gifted with a kindly heart and love for little folk that drew all children to him. Childless himself, the tenderness which should have made his own hearth bright was spent on us who lived around him. He had many nephews. I was the youngest of them, fatherless; and the brave, kindly heart of the old Yorkshire gentleman made him untiring in goodness to the fragile little lad whose chiefest pleasure was to be his companion.

Uncle William has gone to rest long ago. Forty years have brought their changes and chances, but his memory is still green. The winter evenings were very times of story. My uncle sat in his favourite three-cornered chair, long churchwarden pipe in hand, a roaring north-country fire throwing lights and shadows on polished oak and old armour. I stood between his knees, or sat on a buffet in the chimney-corner. Sometimes there was silence, while the long pipe made wonderful smoke-rings, and Uncle William thought upon past travels, or called back the sweet face of a wife whose early death had left him alone.

Presently the "churchwarden" would somehow refuse to draw. Then the silence was broken: "Well, old man, shall we have a story?" Of course, I was willing, long silences being unpleasant to me through lack of travel and other food for reflection. Wonderful stories they were, having the gifts of life. My uncle had seen many lands and told of them with picturesque charm and touches of quaint wisdom. No tales of travel had the same attraction for me as stories of his own boyhood in our Yorkshire valley. Perhaps the charm was mutual; for, as age draws on, "the man keeps following still the funeral of the boy."

In Uncle William's youth most of the valley was the property of his family, though marriage had given portions of it to alien names. On the opposite hill, 800 feet higher than my uncle's place, stood the ancient home of his race, Deerwood. The house was hidden from the valley by clumps of oak and mountain ash. When, as a boy, I used to climb the steeply-winding road, and, turning into the avenue, at last reach the long low-pitched grange, there was little to repay the ascent. What beauty the old house retained was the beauty of decay. Part was still occupied by a widowed member of the family, part by the bailiff who farmed the lands; but the bustle and life of other days were gone. The place seemed to have fallen on sleep, like its forgotten builders.

In my uncle's youth the old house was alive, under the rule of his grandfather, who kept open house in hearty Yorkshire fashion. Deerwood was then worth the climb. For those who sought but welcome and good fellowship, there was assurance of both. For such as had also an eye for beauty there was, without, a glorious view of hills and valleys, and within skilful carving in all manner of black oak plenishings, with such store of old-world weapons as few country gentlemen could boast. Those too were days of riotous workmen, machine-smashers, Luddites: a strong-armed, stiffnecked generation.

The Yorkshireman, whatever political banner he may follow, is a Tory in practice. He is suspicious of change, doubting he may fare worse. His philosophy of life as to new methods is summed up in the popular ballad:—

They didn't do sôa i' my grônfather's days.

He is wiser than Solomon, who advised no man to say "that the former days were better than these." He would condemn that learned monarch as having been overmuch "laudator temporis acti"—at least, he would do so in the Yorkshire equivalent. In truth, he is no respecter of persons. He shares the opinion of Mr. J. P. Robinson, that "they didn't know *everything* down in Judee."

Uncle William had many a tale to tell of Yorkshire workmen and their doings. He remembered John Ludd, leader of the Luddites, once the terror of the countryside. Ludd was a village blacksmith, built on the Longfellow pattern, "with broad and sinewy arms." At the wield of office was a sledge-hammer, no huge of bulk that few could wield it. The Luddites formed a militant trade union. They would have no machines brought into Yorkshire mills to deprive them of labour. The machines came notwithstanding, only to be broken up by the hammers of Ludd and his people. The quarrel grew sterner, and death was threatened to all masters who bought the hated machinery or workmen who used it. Arms became necessary, and nightly raids were made on houses where weapons were likely to be found. Deerwood, with its known accumulations of arms and armour, was marked down for an early visit. Uncle William was staying with his grandfather when the event came off. Many times have I heard this story of Ludd's attack on Deerwood.

It was midnight. All the household asleep, for they keep early hours in Yorkshire. The dogs begin barking, at first fitfully, then with growing anger. Uncle William, awakened by the noise, and mindful of doings round about, opens the latticed window and listens. Far off as yet he hears the trampling of a crowd; steadily the sounds grow clearer. A little while and a column of men, with blackened faces, marches through the gates, or forms up round a sundial on the lawn. By this time the house is in a stir, men and women servants gather and whisper in the hall, while the squire examines fastenings of doors and windows. Three echoing blows on the iron-studded door, followed by the call to "Open, in the name of King Ludd." Silence for a moment; then a hail of blows falls upon the door, fastenings begin to start, and the squire calls a parley. Not for surrender, however, but that the dithering bolts may be shot home and the heavy iron bar made fast. The attack is resumed, while, unobserved amid the thunder of the hammers, men break in at the back, and the mob pours in. Swords, pikes, and muskets are stripped from the walls. Serviceable weapons are kept, the rest returned to their places.

Now King Ludd takes a chair and requests that food and drink be brought for his subjects. The old squire's hospitality is undoubted, but for once it is tried to the uttermost. Home-brewed beer, wine, and brandy vanish down unwelcome throats. Roast beef and other contents of the larder will not go round among so many, and there being no miraculous power at hand, the rest clamour for bacon or whatever else can be had. Then follows a seemingly endless sputtering of frying-pans, and sides of fat bacon and prime Yorkshire hams go the way of the rest. At last comes fitfulness, and with it good humour. King Ludd rises from his chair, somewhat unsteadily withal, and makes his farewell in language that is brusque but not unkindly. He regrets that it should have been needful to "worry [illegible] squire," thanks him for his good cheer, and, with a promise that the old weapons shall rest in their accustomed places when troubles are over, gives the word of command, and the column marches off into silence.

Several things happened after that, but John Ludd, his mighty hammer and black-faced following, formed an epoch in the reminiscences of Uncle William.

Such were the men of the olden time. There is possibly a quite superior generation in London, but in canny Yorkshire it seems that we are, on occasion, no better than our fathers.

"My First Grouse and Other Memories," by T. E. Kebbel (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is a reprint in volume form of some delightful little papers, dealing with matters of sport and nature, which appeared originally in the *National Review*, *Rod and Gun*, and other periodicals. A somewhat lavish sprinkling of Latin phrases, not to mention an occasional excursion into Greek, might suggest at first blush the use of a classical phrase-book, were it not that the writer is plainly a man of education, and qualified to express himself agreeably in his own language if he would only deign to use it in a less diluted form.

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HUMAN HORSES.

You can really call them nothing else. They trot, they gallop, at your bidding; they will go one mile or ten. But they need neither whip nor spur, only the three cents a mile which a generous Government allows them. Such are the *kurumaya* of Japan, elsewhere known as 'rickshaw coolies. You find them all over the East now, wherever human beings are cheaper than horseflesh, but their home and origin is in the most easterly land of all—the land of suns and chrysanthemums.

The rise and progress of the 'rickshaw forms a curious chapter in the history of vehicles. Scarcely more than a score of years ago it stood in the category of things that had not been invented; to-day there are close upon 50,000 of these go-carts in Tokyo alone, and heaven and the Home Department only know how many outside it. There are several versions of its genesis, East and West both claiming the credit. It is said, indeed, on no little authority, that an American named Eable—an early settler in Japan—fashioned it, drawing his inspiration in almost equal parts from the perambulator and the buggy beloved of his own country. Let this be as it may, it is certain that the 'rickshaw is now *the* vehicle of Japan. There are trams in Tokyo; ramshackle omnibuses, drawn by the leanest ponies that ever wore harness, are to be seen in some of the larger towns; the *cango*, a kind of litter, is still used in mountainous districts, and a railway system is gradually spreading all over the country; but these are only aids to locomotion, and the bulk of the travelling is done in the man-power cart, to give the exact equivalent of *jinrekshaw*. The *kurumaya*, found in the interior of Dai Nippon, is the only genuine representative of his class; elsewhere, in Singapore, Hongkong, and Shanghai, and even in the treaty ports of Japan, the men are of an inferior class, living on the largesse of globe-trotters and capable of little hard work.

Let me give an instance or two of the prowess of the real 'rickshaw coolie. A few years ago I was unlucky enough to be caught in a typhoon while yachting in the Inland Sea, and had to run for a small fishing village called Tsuga, where there happened to be a harbour. We lay in the lips of the outer *awabar* all night, for it was too dark to get in with four anchors down, and about every five seconds, as it seemed to me, the big black bows of a junk came out of the spray and headed for the harbour, and went staggering by, sometimes clearing us by as much as six feet, sometimes by six inches, and once nipping a big piece off our bowsprit. The morning found the gale still blowing in full force, with three or four of the junks that had made a bad shot at the harbour in pieces on a lee shore, as a testimonial to the forces of nature. It was clearly impossible to get out seawards and cover the twenty miles or so of fighting waves that separated us from the foreign settlement at Kobe. Time pressed, so I determined to go overland, which meant a detour of some seventy miles. I had no passport, without which it is impossible for a foreigner to travel on land anywhere outside a twenty mile radius from a treaty port. But the police were kindness itself, and not only assisted to haul the boat up to the wharf, but also franked me through to the treaty limits and obtained a 'rickshaw to carry me to Sakai, about thirty-five miles distant, whence there was railway communication with Kobe. I have made journeys in many strange and wonderful conveyances; I have been rocked, as on the bosom of the Atlantic, in that deadly contrivance the Quebec *caliche;* a Canadian buckboard has conveyed my quivering form on miles of corduroy road; but that thirty-five miles on a 'rickshaw over mountain track which had never been made and never mended beat all my previous experiences in this direction.

I had two men, pulling tandem, which is the general rule on journeys of more than a few miles where a foreigner is the passenger. The leader was a man on the wrong side of forty, tough as leather and not unlike it in appearance. Perhaps unpolished mahogany would give a better idea of his lower limbs where the muscles stood out like the knots on an old tree. The other coolie was much younger, and probably had only been at the trade for a few years. At any rate he did not possess the staying power of the man who might have been his father, and when some twenty-five miles had been covered he relinquished his place to another coolie. The leader showed not the least sign of fatigue, and when we reached Sakai it would have been hard to tell, but for the mud which covered him, whether he had gone more than a *ri* or so. The thirty-five miles took just under six hours to accomplish, including three stoppages for refreshment. It cost me five shillings, including a *cumshaw* to the coolies, and I parted with the most boisterous *oki aringalos* and *say onaras* from my human horses, who straightway started off, laughing merrily, for the place from whence they came.

On another occasion I engaged a *kurumaya* to carry my baggage on a walking tour which I proposed to take through a portion of the south. The contract was for 300 miles at 30 miles a day. The load was 200 lb., and the pay 50 cents, or about 1*s.* 9*d.* a day. The coolie, who hailed from Osaka, was scarcely twenty, but he had been brought up, almost from infancy, in the belief that all he was fit for was to serve as a beast of burden to his fellow-creatures. It was perhaps true, and he did it remarkably well. He couldn't help concealing the fact that he regarded the expedition as a joke. To start with, he was quite unable to understand, having had but a small experience of foreigners, how any one could be *baka* enough (*baka* is the most awful term of opprobrium which the Japanese vocabulary contains—but it only means fool) to walk when he could pay to ride. As far as he was concerned he looked upon the trip as a holiday—the thirty miles a day with a heavy load as a little mild relaxation in order to get up an appetite for dinner. He would run on after tiffen had been disposed of, and reach the tea-house where I was to stop the night an hour or two before I got there, and while I was taking a census of blisters he would be bustling about helping the house maidens to prepare the bath and making himself generally useful. If I had been only ten times as fatigued at the end of the fifth day as the *kurumaya* was I would have finished the journey on foot. As it was, I determined to see the balance of the three hundred miles from the window of a train, and sought the nearest railway-station.

So I explained that Kaso's (Kaso was the cook who accompanied me) feet were too bad to finish the journey, and paid the coolie off, not forgetting a slight "compensation for disturbance." He bestowed upon me quite a score of his best bows—and many people might do worse than take lessons in deportment from a *kurumaya*—showed his teeth in a substantial smile, and began the 150 miles journey back to Osaka at eight miles an hour.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. *Poems.* (Elkin Mathews and John Lane.) Paper boards, 12mo. 5*s.*

Caswall, Edward. *The Art of Pluch.* (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.) New edition of an old Oxford skit.

Fowler, Mabel E. *Chelsey Court.* (Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.) Paper covers. Pp. 189. 1*s.*

C. E. M. *The Blakes of Culverdge.* (S.P.C.K.). Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 253.

Hargreaves, C. Y. *Paul Romer.* (A. and C. Black.) Cloth 8vo. Pp. 344. A novel.

Harte, Mrs. Bagot. *Bianca.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) A novel in two vols. 21*s.*

Hawthorne, Julian. *An American Monte Cristo.* (W. H. Allen and Co.) Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 297. Second edition.

Hope, Anthony. *Half a Hero.* (A. D. Innes and Co.) A novel in two vols.

Innes, Arthur D. *Seers and Singers.* (A. D. Innes and Co.) Cloth, 12mo. Pp. 222. 5*s.*
A study of five English poets.

Leland, Charles G. *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwith.* Cloth, 8vo. Pp. 440. 7*s.* 6*d.*
New edition of the adventures of a scout and pioneer, and chief of the Crow nation, with preface by "Hans Breitmann."

Maguire, Cathal. *Amabel: a Military Romance.* (T. Fisher Unwin.) Three volumes. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Memoir of Edward Calvert, Artist. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) Imperial 4to. Pp. 236. £3 3*s.*
With numerous illustrations, being fac-simile reproductions of the artists' designs. Limited to 350 copies.

Reaney, Mrs. G. S. *Dr. Grey's Patient.* (Bliss, Sands, and Foster.) A novel in three vols.

Rod, Edouard. *The Private Life of an Eminent Politician.* (W. H. Allen and Co.) Crown 8vo. Pp. 332. Second Edition.

Skelton, John. *Mary Stuart.* (Goupil and Co.) Imperial 4to. Pp. 203.
Edition de luxe. on Japanese paper, limited to 200 copies, £3. Ordinary edition. £2 2*s.*

REVIEWS.

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."*

MOST people are apt to credit themselves with a sense of humour; it is a natural gift which, along with tact, and a thin skin, and one or two other advantages, people claim without any fear of self-conceit. Whether they are justified in this or not, it is impossible to deny that the true humourist is a rare figure amongst us, and he deserves to be made much of when he appears. Mr. Gilbert's wit is almost too keen and mocking a one to be wholesome; we feel the shrinking of the victim under the knife, and though we laugh it is with a sense of guilt—there is something wicked about the author of the "Bab Ballads;" but Mr. Anstey has a kindlier touch, almost a fellow-feeling for the weaknesses which he portrays. In the city, in the park, at the theatre his power of detailed observation is so great that he occasionally degenerates into realism, and presents us with an cleograph instead of a picture. He is in the happy position of the man who, when asked whether he was not bored at some entertainment (probably a garden party in September in the country), replied that he would have been bored if he had not been there himself. Mr. Anstey is almost always there himself, and in his company dulness is impossible.

But besides his power of reproduction he also possesses what is a true source of humour: he can place his people in circumstances where they can act appropriately, and he is fertile in laughter-raising details: "The Man from Blankley's" and "The Other Side of the Canvas" are good illustrations of this, whilst "At a Vegetarian Restaurant" and "Choosing Christmas Toys" are more strictly editions of *voces populi*. The dialogue between the Vague Man and the Saleswoman is one which every one is conscious of having held, either in this or a previous existence. We venture to quote a few sentences:—

> The Vague Man (to Saleswoman): 'Er—I want a toy of some sort, for a *child* don't you know. (As if he might require it for an elderly person!) At least, it's not *exactly* a child, it can *talk* and all that.
>
> Saleswoman: Will you step inside, sir? We've a large assortment within to select from. Is it for a boy or a girl?
>
> The Vague Man: It's a boy—that is, its name's Evelyn. Of course, that's a girl's name too; but it had better be something that doesn't—I mean something it can't—(he runs down)
>
> Saleswoman: I *quite* understand, sir. One of these little 'orses and carts are a very nice present for a child. (With languid commendation) The little 'orse takes out and all.
>
> The Vague Man: Um—yes—but I want something more—a different *kind* of thing altogether.

The illustrations by Mr. Partridge help to make "The Man From Blankley's" a most charming volume, and one which, as the booksellers say, should certainly be secured. "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen" is a series of parodies recalling almost too vividly the sensations with which many of us have recently assisted at the performance of the Ibsen drama. Indeed, if we are to allow the cold and clammy touch of criticism upon Mr. Anstey's creations, we should say that we feel a sense of intellectual insecurity as we read his volume. Which is Ibsen and which is Anstey? Even in "Pill Doctor Herbal," to our mind the best in the book, we doubt if there is anything that surpasses some passages in "The Master Builder," but as true Ibsenites we protest against "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen" being judged off the stage. You can have no idea from reading the works of this dramatist what the effect of them would be if adequately played.

* "The Man from Blankley's; and Other Sketches. (Longmans.) "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen." (Heinemann.) By F. Anstey.

FRANCE ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

BY A. EGMONT HAKE.

FRANCE is in a pet, and has been in a pet since 1871. Indeed, her fit of temper has lasted so long that it threatens to become chronic. Should it last much longer the present generation will scarce remember the buoyant, humanitarian, and enthusiastic France of yore. Any man who loves his country and takes a pride in his nationality can understand how the loss of two provinces would exasperate the French people. But nations should not allow themselves to be guided too absorbingly by any sentiment, however deserving of sympathy. France's refusal to be comforted is characterized, however, by a certain method: by keeping the wound in a state of irritation it is hoped that fortuitous circumstances may be thus utilized to reconquer the lost provinces. That this ill-humour and this policy are likely to be kept up for an indefinite period is clearly demonstrated by the proposed naval festivities in the Mediterranean. That Republican France, that the descendants of the men of 1793, should flaunt in the face of the world a friendship with the slaughterers of Poland, the oppressors of Finland—a Government that withheld from its own people the rights of man—suffices to show that France is actuated by passion and not by the generous impulses of the past. The report that reaches us that the French labouring classes view the coming rejoicings with sulky indifference suggests that there is a great deal of diplomacy in this love of the Muscovite.

Twenty-two years having passed since France was called upon to make the painful sacrifice, the passion for revenge should have sufficiently spent itself to allow the French people to dispassionately consider their position. If they did, they would probably find that the attitude they have assumed towards the nations of Europe, as well as the line of legislation they have followed within their own borders, are dangerous and ruinous to their country, and therefore hardly calculated to lead to the restoration of the lost provinces.

LA REVANCHE.

By constant protests against the terms of peace signed by Thiers, by enormous armaments evidently directed against Germany, by a tacit alliance with a Power wholly opposed to all that has made, and in the future can make, France a great and happy nation, the French people expose themselves to the accusation of being the peace-destroyers of the world. Whatever Frenchmen themselves may say it is impossible to deny that the constantly threatening war of revenge is one of the essential causes of the outrageous armaments throughout the Continent. This is not only a very different rôle from that which every Frenchman would wish his country to play, but it is cruelly to the masses of the French people. The fabulous destruction of capital which is thus going on throughout Europe depresses trade and industry, and reduces the consuming power of the world to a preposterous extent. The results are, perhaps, not felt by any nation so keenly as by France herself. For, thanks to their natural abilities and their artistic temperament, they are, or at least ought to be, the chief purveyors of the thousand and one kinds of objects of beauty and luxury which are in demand only when prosperity prevails. The sin of France against humanity thus recoils on her own people, and Nemesis is already foreshadowed in the growing desperation of a fast-increasing proletariat.

Unfortunately the desire to regain the lost provinces has influenced France's home policy as much as her foreign policy. The unflagging attempts to outflank Germany in armaments has induced enormous taxation, and the eagerness to collect so many milliards has led to fiscal and financial measures of the most deplorable kind. As in another great Republic—the United States—duties which were first imposed as fiscal ones in order to defray military expenditure were soon transformed into protective duties. A powerful protective interest was created, which soon assumed a great political power, that dominated the press and finally succeeded in converting the masses to their plausible but utterly fallacious views. The Protectionists gradually strengthened their position by admitting one trade after another into the charmed circle of protected industries. Thus one important trade after another ceased to be productive from a national point of view. Instead of working at a profit to the country, they worked at a loss, and those of the nation who were occupied in unprotected industries had to make good these enormous losses and also to provide a profit for the protected manufacturers. The unprotected industries, having thus to provide the whole expense of the nation, *plus* the maintenance of all those engaged in protected industries, soon began to sink under the burden. The farmers in the north—and others not wine-growers—and the shipowners were among the last to take up their position among the protected industries. In response to their clamours the Government had to grant high duties on foodstuffs and cash bounties to shipping. Since protective duties have been placed even on wine, the number of unprotected industries is a small one. They are represented chiefly by those workers in the cities who produce goods for export. While thus the bulk of the nation is busily engaged in destroying capital the wealth-producers of the country are reduced to a comparatively small number. If the fearfully unfair contribution which is levied upon them were collected directly from them their lot would be less deplorable. But the way in which they are mulcted by the protective duties immensely increases their difficulties: for it raises their cost of living, their cost of production, their raw materials, while at the same time this burden reduces the price of sale abroad. The result, of course, is the present stagnation and poverty; and in France, as in all protected countries, the protective duties turn out to be a disadvantage even to those industries that are supposed to benefit from them.

"LA MISÈRE IT SES REMÈDES."

It is, of course, on the labouring classes that the result of such fallacious economy falls the most heavily. Comte d'Haussonville, in his work "La Misère et ses Remèdes," gives a ghastly description of the destitution that prevails. His investigation of the broad belt of poverty and desperation which has encircled Paris makes one tremble at the thought of the next revolution. Comte d'Haussonville's book is remarkable and alarming to all true friends of France from another point of view: for it reveals an extraordinary economic bias among leading Frenchmen which seems to cut off all hope. What may not happen in a country where a man like Comte d'Haussonville, a politician and a scientist specially devoted to social and economic questions, can write a volume of nearly five hundred pages on the subject of misery and its remedies without even hinting at the terribly patent and almost glaring causes of poverty among the workers which have been created by Government? He says nothing about protective duties, about shipping bounties, about octrois, about sugar bounties, about the monopoly of the Bank of France, other monopolies, and the ruinous expense of the standing army. With such burdens on the people France cannot expect to enjoy that harmony among the classes which is the first condition for the strength of a nation. The longer the present system continues, the greater will be the animosity of the workers, especially of the oppressed labourers in the cities, against the *bourgeoisie*. The way in which this hatred will reveal itself recalls too strongly the hatred against the nobility a century ago for us to contemplate the close of the century with equanimity. The enervating influences of dwindling prosperity, unsound financing, class hatred, and an ascendant revolutionary propaganda cannot be compensated by excessive armaments. If this be true it may well be questioned whether France has chosen the best methods by which to regain the lost provinces.

No other policy was perhaps possible, considering the intensity of the national feeling, than that of a speedy restoration of military strength. Still, as the financial and economic policy has been utterly wrong, might not a programme have been adopted the entire opposite of the one pursued? After Sedan the French negotiators declared that the German Government had made war, not against France, but against her detested despot. These words are the very keynote of a course that might have been adopted. After the conclusion of peace, France, having got rid of despotism, might, as a true Republic, have rid herself of a standing army. At the time disarmament could have involved no risk. A proportionate demands of Germany had secured France the sympathies of the whole world, and, except Germany, France had no enemy. By disarmament and sound democratic development in other directions the new Republic would have been looked upon as a model State, and whatever the Governments of Germany, Austria, and Italy would have thought, the masses of these countries would have been on the side of France. They would have done more: they would have demanded that since war by France's action was less probable they should be freed from the ruinous burden of standing armies.

THE EFFECT ON GERMANY.

The German Government especially would have been placed in an awkward position. The victorious people might have told the triumphant Emperor that, having fought, bled, and conquered, they expected at least the same advantage as had fallen to the vanquished foe. They would have demanded disarmament, less taxes, and more freedom. There are those who believe that Prince Bismarck feared some such policy on the part of France, and that he insisted upon the provinces in order to have something to show, and in order to have a pretext for the maintenance of the army. By imposing only fiscal duties and granting the French people free trade with the whole world, the Republic could have more easily paid off the war indemnity, would have secured genuine prosperity, and would have avoided the cause of so much international estrangement—tariff wars. Such enlightened measures, such progress would have gone far to maintain the French sympathies of Alsace and Lorraine unabated, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to the German Emperor the other day might not have taken place. The whole progress of humanity is against conquests and the trafficking in nationalities and provinces, and France might have confidently waited for the time when the ballot-box, and not the clash of armies, should decide the after all not very important point as to what banner should float over Alsace and Lorraine.

BUT FRANCE WILL NOT.

But there is no sign yet that France contemplates any change in the political and economic programme that weighs so heavily upon the working classes. Her trade is stagnant, indebtedness is on the increase, her exporting industries have to sustain an unfair competition with Germany and England. Even French companies are compelled to remove part of their works outside France—as, for example, certain great chocolate and bonbon manufacturers. Her colonies, sacrificed to the supposed interests of the mother country, remain undeveloped. The measures which the successive Governments have so far tried in the hope of mending matters have not been of a sound economic nature, but have aimed at securing new markets at the point of the bayonet. Unfortunately, the average Frenchman seems to believe that England's extensive trade has been created by preventing the colonies from trading with other countries than England; and when the French Government undertakes a military expedition against some semi-barbarian country, kills off a goodly number of inhabitants, establishes Custom-houses and tariffs prohibitory of trade with all countries except France, they wish it to be understood that they are imitating England's example. It is a question whether French taxpayers would give their money and French parents give their sons to be wasted in some tropical swamp if they knew that every British colony is as open and free to French ships, French goods, and French trade as to English.

France is naturally a richly endowed country, and its people are ingenious and thrifty; but under such a system as is at present upheld in France the richest country would finally come to grief. History records the downfall of many States from many causes, but it supplies no example of what will be the ultimate consequences of such methods of national suicide as so many modern States are attempting. The great French financier, Colbert, said, when France laid the foundation-stone of her present National Debt, "We enter upon a road of which we see the beginning but of which we cannot see the end." Let us hope that France will not carry her vicious system to the bitter end, but will strike out a new road which will lead her to that position in the civilized world that is worthy of the genius of her people.

Readers who care to while away a pleasant hour over Highland reminiscences will welcome a new edition of "Stronbuy" (Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh)—a series of anecdotes strung together by means of a narrative of the very slightest description. "Stronbuy" and its companion volume "Tobersnorey," though published anonymously, are well known to be from the pen of the genial Dr. Lees, of Edinburgh. The island of Mull is the scene of action. Stronbuy stands for Lochbuy, and Tobersnorey, of course, for Tobermory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD ARMSTRONG AND THE NAVY.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—It is much to be regretted that the most important part, from a national point of view, of Lord Armstrong's recent address to the shareholders of the Elswick firm has been practically overlooked by the press. I allude to his lordship's reference to "high" explosive shells, as follows:—

> While on this subject I cannot refrain from expressing my apprehension as to the disastrous effect of high explosive shells discharged in vast numbers from quick-firing guns against the unarmoured portions of our battleships. The experiments made some years ago with such shells against the *Resistance*, which was an armoured ship of small value given up for experiment, proved that such shells would be competent to wreck the unprotected plating down to, or possibly below, the water level, and that even where a streak of armour was applied at the water-line the damage might be low enough down to cause the ship to be flooded by the wash of the sea. It was proved also that armour of small thickness insured the bursting of these shells harmlessly outside of the ship, which, of course, raised the question whether, if armour has to be used at all, it ought not to be applied in varying thickness over the whole ship. Nothing can be more perplexing than this question of armour. Without complete protection from end to end the vulnerable parts of the ship are liable to be torn to pieces by modern shells fired in quick succession against them; while, on the other hand, the extension of armour over the now unprotected parts would so increase the load upon the ship as to involve the necessity of a corresponding reduction of armament and engines. Further increase of size then becomes the only alternative, but where is this to stop? The bigger we make our ships the fewer we can have of them, and the fate of the *Victoria* painfully reminds us that size and cost have already reached a point at which the loss of a single vessel becomes a national calamity. As to what I have said on the subject of shells charged with high explosives, it may be objected that they cannot be used without danger to the users. Whatever that danger may be, it is certain that it will not deter an enemy from using them. Moreover, such an objection is of that kind which invariably disappears in the course of experience and scientific treatment. Do what we will, I believe that the means of attack will always overtake the means of defence, and that sooner or later armour will be abandoned. In this view I should be pleased to see a great multiplication of swift vessels of moderate size, having no burden to carry in abatement of their offensive power. I admit that old-fashioned fighting at close quarters would be impossible without mutual destruction, but old-fashioned tactics would have to be changed, and the change would afford scope for the superior seamanship which characterizes the British Navy, and would thereby tend to maintain our naval supremacy.

I have quoted this extract *in extenso*, as, from the very intimate relations existing between Armstrong, Mitchell and Co. (Limited), the Admiralty, the War Office, and their officials, whereby the firm is fully posted in respect to the intentions of those Government departments, it may be taken to represent the views of those nominally responsible for our national defences, and at the same time act as a "feeler," or to prepare the ground for the tardy official admission that the *Victoria* disaster imperatively demands a revolution in our naval shipbuilding. It will be noticed that Lord Armstrong is not at all clear as to the form this revolution in ship construction should take. Another, what practically amounts to official announcement of the straits to which the Admiralty constructors were reduced in regard to construction, even before the loss of the *Victoria*, can be seen by reference to Brassey's Naval Annual for 1893, which says, "The skilful naval instructor is daily inventing new methods of giving the best protection; but it must be admitted that so far these methods are not distinguished by any great originality. At the present stage it is perhaps by no means easy to originate."

The significance of Lord Armstrong's reference to "high" explosive shells may, perhaps, be better appreciated when it be remembered that his company's agent in Paris (M. Tripone) was imprisoned in connection with the mélinite scandal more on account of disclosures as to the details of the fuze, detonator, or primer, which covered the safe handling and timely explosion, than to the component parts or manufacture of mélinite. But, apart from this, the Elswick Company are doubtless aware of what has been done in America and elsewhere in this respect. Some time since their attention was, by myself, directed to my electric-fuze, which effects the desired objects; and as to results in actual warfare, it is only necessary to turn to a recent number of *Le Journal des Débats*, wherein can be found a letter dated from Bangkok, August 3, 1893, stating that the first mélinite shell fired by the *Inconstant* at the Siamese cruiser *Makut-Raja-Kumar* killed thirteen men, including the commander; that "the mélinite shells did great damage. The *Mihar* had a hole six square feet knocked in her side, and three of the Siamese vessels had to be run ashore to save them from sinking."

In a letter published in your issue of the 17th August last, I pointed out that the under-water unprotected thin sides of our vessels can easily be reached by such shells fired from ordinary guns. On the 1st September you allowed me to urge that the two new battleships, *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, should not be built on the defective lines proposed, and on the 15th I drew attention to the fact of "high" explosive shells meaning "the death-knell of the monster guns now tolerated," and that ships could now be built free from the defects of the *Victoria* and other of our vessels, which, I may remark, have in a great measure been repeated in the designs of the proposed battleships and cruisers. The same letter contained a note of warning as to the intended waste of public funds on the Zalinski dynamite gun, which, for purely naval purposes, proved a failure in America, and is equally useless for coast defence, now that the projection of "high" explosive shells from ordinary long-range ordnance is *un fait accompli*. Since then Captain Bethell, R.N., put a question in the House of Commons asking what the Government were doing or proposed to do respecting "high" explosive shells. No answer appears to have been vouchsafed, and, for some reason, the question was not pressed, although upon the action of these shells the whole question of naval reconstruction hinges!

There is one feature affected by these "high" explosive shells upon which parties interested in the maintenance of the existing order of things are suspiciously silent, *i.e.*, the removal of the necessity for penetration by the projectile of the armour of present vessels. This at once renders a heavy projectile and a high velocity unnecessary, and, in consequence, also the use in ordnance of powders exerting the high pressures now in vogue, and claimed for Cordite, which are so disastrous to our guns. If it be argued, as in the "Inflexible" Committee's Report, that the "facility of missing" by artillery at sea, owing to the difficulties of naval range-finding, demands the flat trajectory, only obtainable with high velocity, in reply I affirm that improved range-finding is immediately at hand if fair treatment be accorded to men outside the "official ring." The two battleships, involving the expenditure of £2,000,000, are to be proceeded with, as are the two monster cruisers, because there is no master-mind to squarely face the position. Responsible officials and ministers, fearful of the loss of retiring honours and pensions, are to be "let down easily." Shareholders in private undertakings, not a few of whom are Government officials, ex-officials, their relations and friends, are to be safeguarded until the profits on new orders for so-called "up-to-date" material cover the inevitable depreciation on plant rendered obsolete by the new order of things, and the action of the "official ring" generally will have the usual effect of robbing the deluded British taxpayer, while our possible enemies are laughing in their sleeves, and at the same time pressing forward with their armaments on the most approved lines.—Your obedient servant,

London, October 1. C. E. KELWAY.

"HOLDING THE FIELD."

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—*Re* the *Pall Mall Gazette*, September 29, p. 2, col. 2.—Neither Mr. Gladstone nor Martin Luther can "hold the field" as author of that phrase. It is pirated from an earlier author (*i.e.*, is a "Gladstone bag.")

In Dante's "Purgatory" (A.D. 1300 approx.) we find it:—

> Credette Cimabue nella pittura
> *Tenere il campo*, &c.

Cimabue in painting thought "he held the field,"—re-echoed in Latin in the epitaph on Cimabue by one of the "Nini": "Credidit ut Cimabos *picturæ castra tenere*."—Your obedient servant,

September 29. CLANRICARDE.

BORD'S PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month. (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month), on the THREE YEARS SYSTEM. Illustrated List free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

The Wares of Autolycus.

Exceedingly unbecoming are the large picture hats of white felt which have been introduced this autumn, and which are perhaps intended to keep chilly ermine in countenance. They are usually mounted on a rouleau of velvet in black or colour, and trimmed with a cluster of ostrich plumes to match. Other big felt hats are in fawn colour. One of these has a bandeau of twisted pale blue velvet resting on the hair, and the crown adorned with blue velvet and black feathers. Nearly all felt hats are raised by a bandeau of velvet, and thus the hardness of outline is considerably softened. A pretty model in pearl grey felt has the brim turned up abruptly in front and divided into two points, each outlined with an edging of royal blue velvet. The space between the points is filled in with *choux* of black satin and a black aigrette. Another *chou* nestles under the brim at the back. A smart little shape of *vieux rose* beaver felt is trimmed in front with an Alsatian bow of cream Austrian guipure, behind which are placed two outspread pale green wings shaded with pink. The remainder of the trimming is supplied by *bouillonnés* of *vieux rose* velvet. A truly Parisian bonnet has the daintily scalloped brim beaded in silver and the crown composed of wholly unnatural but nevertheless charming pale green roses. In the centre rise two sable-hued brush ospreys, and the strings are of white satin.

A capote worn by Mdlle. Bréval in the new play at the Vaudeville in Paris has the crown embroidered in gold. Exactly in front reposes a knot of vivid scarlet velvet, and this colour is repeated in a four-looped bow placed at the back. In the third act the same actress wears a gown of salmon pink broché bordered with three little flounces outlined with black velvet. The neck and waist are defined by velvet, and the large puffed sleeves terminate at the elbow with bands of the same. A Marie Antoinette fichu of pink crêpe edged with pleated frills drapes the bodice, the long ends falling in front. Mdlle. Carlix, who also plays the part of a charming ingénue, is dressed in the first act in a smart frock of beige cloth. The full skirt has for trimming two pieces of emerald green velvet ribbon down the front, each finished off with a loop. The folded ceinture is of velvet, and on the shoulders are epaulettes formed of long hoops of velvet ribbon.

We have not seen the last of accordion pleating yet. It is destined to reappear in evening gowns this winter. Skirts entirely composed of kilted *mousseline de soie* will be seen, caught here and there with knots and strands of ribbon. To the bodices of such the trimming to the *décolletage* consists simply of a deep berthe of kilting, and the effect of the soft draperies circling round a youthful figure is charming and cloudlike. Fichus are yet in favour for evening wear, either in lace, *mousseline de soie*, or embroidered tulle. Figaro jackets are also to the fore. Some of the prettiest are composed of "spider's web" tulle in black or ecru, and are elaborately embroidered in gold or silk. The jacket is cut low and bordered with a frill which forms a kind of berthe. The velvet basques which are being introduced on light brocade gowns are not likely to have a great success. They are clumsy and divide the dress too abruptly. A dinner gown that we met with of mother o' pearl brocade, strewn with delicately tinted flowers, had the plain skirt bordered with a flounce of lace and quilling of moss green velvet, while the bodice, trimmed to correspond, showed a squarely cut basque of green velvet. Shot fabrics are as popular as ever, and the new moiré silks, woven in two colours, are quite beautiful. Blue and pink has an opalescent effect and green and pink is softly iridescent, while yellow and mauve reminds one of a sunset sky. There are infinite possibilities in materials such as these for the creation of lovely gowns. Rich satins, faintly tinted, are brocaded in velvet of a darker hue, and these designs of flowers, palm leaves, crescents, or little *frises* feathers. Some-times the whole tissue is spangled over with sequins, and the result is gorgeous.

It is thought absolutely necessary that there should be some change with regard to out-door wraps after three successive winters of cloaks, and no very great effort is being made to bring jackets into fashion again. But those who insist that jackets only will be patronised by smart women during the winter season have not yet informed us how the feat of packing away inside them frilled epaulettes and voluminous dress sleeves (which last show no signs of diminishing) is to be accomplished without considerable damage to the latter, to say nothing of the discomfort to the wearer. If a coat is really to fit like the proverbial glove it should be worn over a bodice guiltless of all trimming; in fact, one of the severely tailor-made order. Anything partaking less of severity than fashionable gowns just now can hardly be imagined. It may be urged that on going out of doors a stockingette bodice can be substituted for the elaborate one; but this plan has undeniable drawbacks, for it is not pleasant when paying a call to feel that, however hot the room may be, you can on no account loosen your jacket for fear of disclosing the deficiencies beneath. However this may be, there are, at any rate, numerous coats in a great variety of styles to be seen in all the *ateliers* of fashion. In many cases the models are elaborately braided, and there are few that are not trimmed in a greater or less degree with fur. The large pointed revers and high collars are faced with fur—mink, sable, or astrachan. *Tabac* and mastic brown ribbed cloths are used, and the handsomer coats are of velvet or silk, enriched with passementerie. Cloth, which, together with ermine, has been so long neglected, is once more a fashionable trimming. It is chiefly seen in conjunction with velvet, and is used with good effect to border double or triple pelerines of black or prune colour or green.

Some smart gowns are being prepared for the Grand Prix next Sunday, when fashionable Paris is expected to muster in force. The French capital is beginning once more to assume its wonted aspect of gaiety, and the last week has seen the return of many well-known habitués. Cloth dresses will be seen much braided or embroidered, and many lavishly trimmed with ribbon. A pretty gown is of green cloth, the skirt composed of four superposed flounces, each bordered with mauve velvet galon embroidered in steel. The tight-fitting sleeve of velvet appears from beneath three frills of cloth edged with galon, the effect of a fourth frill being obtained by the revers to the double-breasted bodice, which displays a kind of pointed yoke of mauve velvet. Accompanying this is a capote of steel with rosettes of mauve and a black feather aigrette. A handsome black velvet gown is adorned with a vandyked trimming of cream guipure, embroidered with jet. Ornaments of the same on the bodice are deeply fringed with jet. The black velvet hat of picturesque shape is trimmed with pale blue velvet and black feathers.

A smart woman does not put a fluffy little shawl or lace mantilla over her head when she goes to ball or theatre, but a great number of women who are not quite smart consider it absolutely necessary to muffle up their heads when on full-dress expeditions intent, being firmly convinced that to leave the head uncovered is a sure way to catch cold. Whatever may be said against them, one thing is certain, that some of the fleecy protections against the night air are wondrously becoming. Indeed the latest novelty is quite irresistible. The entire surface of the scarf consists of marabout, woven on to a soft, light tissue. The effect is downy and altogether delicious. White, rose colour, or pale blue are the favourite colours, according as to whether the wearer be a blonde or a brunette.

The craze for revivals of the 1830 period has even invaded lamp-shades. To be thoroughly up to date your lamp-shade should be nearly as wide at the top as it is below. The shape is something like a bucket turned upside down. The effect is pretty in pink gauze, delicately embroidered in moss-green silk, the top embellished with a frill of cream lace, and the edge bordered with lace and a ruche of cream lace, and the edge bordered with lace and a ruche of green satin. Another shade that we admired was fashioned of pale green pleated gauze, ruched with green ribbon at the collar, and bordered with three cream lace flounces below. In addition were arranged bows of emerald green velvet and clusters of pink roses.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

The Voices of the Morning.

The development of events in Mashonaland furnishes material for leading articles in most of the morning papers. The Church Congress, the Kabul Mission, the Franco-Siam treaty, and the opening of the medical schools are also topics which are dealt with. The *Telegraph* has an article on felony as a fine art; the *Daily News* on the reappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill; and the *Morning Advertiser* on serpent worship.

The Matabele Raids.

The *Times*, in counselling patience, says:—"It is now perfectly evident that if Sir Bartle Frere's impatience had not precipitated events in Zululand, it he had waited quietly preparing for the struggle until Cetewayo's aggression was placed beyond dispute, the overthrow of the Zulu power might have been accomplished without disaster, and the Boers of the Transvaal might have taken their place of their own free will as subjects of the Crown. In the case of the Matabele raids, retaliatory measures on the part of the Company would probably raise a storm in this country, such as that which hampered the action of the Government on the day in Zululand and the tribesmen had been manifestly in the wrong, and unless, also, the Company had made such preparations for a resort to force as to avoid the necessity for calling upon the Imperial Government to retrieve a defeat. Sir Henry Loch, it will be seen, has satisfied himself that 'the intention of the Matabele is entirely hostile,' and has ordered Dr. Jameson to take all steps necessary for protecting the interests, lives, and liberties of the settlers under his control. This is much more satisfactory than if the settlers, in their impatience at the Matabele raids, had taken the responsibility of assuming the offensive, when the raiders, though hitting cattle and carrying off the Mashonas as slaves, had not directly attacked the British posts or patrols. Still, the necessity for prudence has not by any means passed away. It is important that public opinion in this country should understand the position of the Mashonaland settlers and place itself in sympathy with their measures. Otherwise, a reaction against a 'little war' which could finish any plausibility be described as aggressive might set in, and, as happened before, might put back the clock in South Africa for many a day."

Our Policy in South Africa.

"The recent change of Government in England," says the *Daily News*, "has produced no change of policy in South Africa. The Chartered Company has obtained territorial concessions, among other valuable privileges, on condition that it shall provide at its own defence. It is limited in its power to offence, because its action must necessarily, in the last resort, pledge the Government whose flag it floats. Its victories would be its own, its disasters would be ours—such is the essential vice of colonization by company. It is therefore urged to moderation by every consideration of prudence and of honour. There is but too much reason for the belief that, in the earlier stages of the war, it has not behaved with prudence. Some, at least, of its agents were evidently 'spoiling for a fight' with Lobengula, and with other native chiefs. It is not necessary to argue that Lobengula is an angel in order to prove that the Chartered Company might have shown more 'management' in its dealings with him. The point is that, savage as he is, for many purposes he is a savage, he was originally accessible to other arguments than steel and lead. If none other can now be used against him, the Chartered Company must certainly share the blame."

The Day for Hesitation Past.

"That the day for hesitation is past must now be evident to all," observes the *Morning Post*, "and all that remains is for the Company to acquit itself well in the struggle which has been forced on it. The task before it is no light one, nor is it possible to see where or when the contest now begun may be brought to a conclusion. Lobengula's impis are not likely to be very discriminating, and now that they have once convinced themselves that upon white men, we may easily find them coming into collision with the Bechuanaland police, which will involve the whole country in the struggle. It is scarcely possible, indeed, that under any circumstances, Cape Colony, or even the Transvaal, would stand calmly aside and see the forces of the Chartered Company annihilated, and the country given over once again to the control of a savage potentate. Nor would English public opinion fail to find expression under such circumstances, and to compel the Home Government to take energetic action for the honour of the flag. Happily, however, there is no reason to suppose that such a contingency will arise. Although the Government is free from the restraint as to its line of action in the manner in which its hands have been hampered by the Ministerial policy of waiting on events, it will probably be able to carry the task before it to a successful issue."

The Political Economists and the Strike.

"It is becoming increasingly evident," says the *Chronicle*, "that whatever political economists or Churchmen may have to say about a man's right to get a living in exchange for his labour, the country has at the present time of allowing the miners and their families to remain in the field unprovisioned. Help is coming in from all quarters, and it is bestowed in a spirit which is free from any taint of the bastard charity which debases what it touches. From the accounts which reach us daily of the destitution which exists in the mining districts it is evident that this help comes none too soon. If it is to be fairly grappled with the supplies must be kept up so that the women and children who are bearing the brunt of the lock-out may not simply be tantalized with the promise of food, but be enabled to keep body and soul together until the men resume work. Every day's delay, as the Bishop of Ripon declares through its organ, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 'that our sympathies are with the men in their sufferings.' Here, again, however, that exact science known as political economy interferes before the sympathy can take practical shape. For that, we suppose, is the meaning of the phrase 'that all the cant in the world will not alter the rigid truths of political economy.'"

The British Mission at Cabul.

Moralizing on the arrival of the British Mission at Cabul, the *Telegraph* says:—"If the present Ameer survives, as we will hope, for a long while, the latest policy of the Indian Government towards his person and rule, which is one of the sincerest goodwill, will endure, we think, and produce excellent fruits. He is intelligent enough to know that he must give full scope to our diplomatic representative. The control over the fanatical tribes and peoples of his realm is as strong as that of Dost Mahommed. In proportion as he is sensible and faithful in these greater matters, Sir Mortimer Durand will probably show himself and his Government reasonable enough, and even indulgent, in smaller concerns. Yet the safety of our Government is founded, doubtless, never did and never must repose upon the good faith of any external potentate, or artificial diplomacy. Its foundation must rest upon the friendliness and contentment of the vast populations which we govern, first of all, and next on the intelligent comprehension by the British people at home of the duties, and the responsibilities, distinction and advantage which Providence has given us beyond all Western nations in committing to the charge of England the fortunes of India. The real frontier of that splendid empire lies in the spirit of the British nation to maintain it, and to understand that the future history of the Anglo-Saxon race, as well as of Asia, hangs upon the temper with which the British Parliament regards and defends the proudest duty that heaven ever committed to a governing breed."

The Medical Profession.

Commenting on the opening of the medical year, the *Standard* says:—"At St. Mary's yesterday, Dr. Lane sounded the praises of the extended curriculum, and at Westminster Dr. Pavy went so far as to advocate a curriculum of seven years, and the grant of diplomas only to students who are twenty-five years of age. The tendency seems to be to close the profession to all but men of very high attainments. Even as it is, so long, so severe, and so expensive is the medical education, that the supply of new practitioners is not equal to the increasing numbers of students. For in medicine the prizes are few and far between. A certain number of men, fewer by far than in law, or in commerce, or in engineering, make four or five thousand a year, while the great experts whose incomes amount to treble that sum may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand. And these are usually to be counted among the commonly lucrative branch. Moreover, the income of a specialist in an uncommonly lucrative branch. Moreover, the income of a fashionable doctor must be earned by himself alone. Unlike the popular counsel, he cannot have a 'devil.' Let him take a holiday longer than usual, and he will find his practice diminishing, while an illness, if not over more quickly than those of other people, may necessitate his beginning life anew. Death, it is needless to add, is, for his family, the sudden end of the greatest income. As the simple lady said of Canova, the great specialist cannot 'leave the business to his widow.' Even for the smaller men medicine would seem to have few advantages to offer in money-winning point of view. There are at present many anxious faces behind the brass plates on London doors, and, we are afraid, sad tales behind the brass plates on London doors, and, we are afraid, sad tales behind the fading of the apparently prosperous owners of broughams who do not find the expenses of the year counterbalanced by its earnings. Let the smallest public post be vacant, and there are a score of candidates. Every steamship line is ten deep in eligible men for the vacancy for an 'experienced surgeon,' and the medical charities know too well how hard is the struggle for life. However, the students still come. The severity of the examinations has no terrors for them—they are prepared."

Pall Mall Gazette Office,

18, Charing Cross Road, W.C

The Queen of the Hellenes, who arrived at St. Petersburg on Saturday from Copenhagen, having made the journey on board the *Dimitri Donskoi*, one of the Russian men-of-war that has just returned from the United States under the command of Vice-Admiral Kasnekoff, will stay some weeks with her mother, the widow of the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaievitch. The Grand Duchess Alexandra resides in a handsome palace at Stvekia, close to the Tzar's country residence, Peterhof, and about sixteen miles from St. Petersburg. The Grand Dukes Constantine and Dimitri met their sister on her arrival at Cronstadt, and escorted her to her destination.

Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar are staying at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

The Comte de Flandre has been staying during the last fortnight at Lucerne, and his son, Prince Albert of Belgium, is with him.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who have been staying during the last fortnight at New Mar Lodge, Aberdeenshire, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife, will arrive at Newmarket on Monday next, and they are to entertain a small party during the race week at their house in High-street. Lord Stanley, M.P., and Lady Alice Stanley will be among the guests.

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford have left Woburn Abbey for Cairnsmore House, Kirkcudbrightshire, which is a very beautiful place, near Newton Stewart, with about 10,000 acres of excellent shooting.

Lord Hothfield is entertaining a shooting party at Appleby Castle, Westmorland, where he proceeded on the conclusion of his visit to the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim Palace.

Lord Dunraven's interest in yachting began when he was at college. He bought an old Cardiff pilot boat and sailed about in her with Lord Ramsay. When he took to steeplechasing he gave up yachting, and did not return to it again till he met Mr. Willie Jameson in the Solent. That was in 1887. Since then he has joined the Royal Yacht Squadron, and is a member of nearly every yacht club of importance in the United Kingdom. He is also a member of the Austrian Imperial Club. He built *Petronella*, *Valkyrie*, *L'Esperance*, and *Valkyrie II.*, which is now in New York waters preparing to race *Vigilant* for the America Cup. He has also built a number of fives and a twenty. As Commodore of the Castle Club, he has had a great deal to do with promoting small-boat sailing. He is never so happy as when on the water, and never so contented as when his hand is on the tiller.

The same year that he returned to yachting he took up racing again, and started a stable in partnership with Lord Randolph Churchill, having Mr. R. W. Sherwood as trainer, and "Morny" Cannon and Woodburn as jockeys. On the whole, his horses have been fairly successful. He is a good fisherman, and knows nearly every fishing ground round the coast, and after the regattas are over generally goes trawling. His favourite places are off Plymouth, the Scilly, and the Channel Islands. Both with rifle and gun he is a first-rate shot.

Lord Dunraven has played many parts in his three years' adventure, and when war broke out with Abyssinia he secured the appointment of "special" to the *Daily Telegraph*. He resigned his commission in the 1st Life Guards and started for North Africa. Colonel Phayre, who was Quartermaster-General, attached him to his staff, and so he obtained the earliest and most authentic information. Mr. H. M. Stanley, who was doing similar duty for the *New York Herald*, shared a tent with the amateur journalist, and was much struck with the workmanlike character of the despatches which he sent off on every available opportunity. At the outbreak of war between France and Germany his lordship went to Berlin for the *Daily Telegraph*, and followed the campaign right through. Just before the capitulation of Paris he broke his arm and was invalided home, with the result that he missed the days of the Commune.

For some days we may expect to see the newspapers flooded with more or less apocryphal anecdotes relating to the late Master of Balliol, about whose innocent person had gathered the traditions of bygone heroes whom he had survived. The *Daily Telegraph* evidently took the lead in fathering upon Dr. Jowett a fine old story that was told forty years ago of his penultimate predecessor, Dr. Jenkins, and with much greater show of truth. We give what we believe to be the correct version.

When Henry Blaydes, better known as Charles Stuart Calverley, was beginning his short-lived Oxford career as a scholar of Balliol, a party of ladies came to pay him a visit, and did the "lions" in due form. At the end of a very happy day, just as the fair guests were leaving the college, one of them indiscreetly said: "Oh, Mr. Blaydes, we don't want to go away without seeing the Master." "Is that all?" replied the irrepressible C. S. C. "Your wishes shall be gratified at once," and picking up a stone he flung it through the window of the room in which the redoubtable doctor was wont to take his after-dinner nap. The ladies did see the Master with a vengeance, and Mr. Blaydes saw him too, the next morning, for the last time, in an interview which resulted in the migration of the over-zealous eicerone to Christ's, Cambridge.

The Rev. Cosmo Lang, the newly-appointed Dean of Divinity at Magdalen College, Oxford, has for the last three years been a curate of the Leeds parish church, and has won for himself a high opinion in the West Riding as a lecturer on literature, history, and economics. He has lectured before the Bradford Philosophical Society on Victorian literature and the history of trades unionism, and has shown himself a master of the historical method. In Leeds he has inaugurated a boys' lodging-house, where homeless working lads may get necessary sleeping and boarding accommodation, apart from the contaminations of the common lodging-house, but as cheaply, and has in other ways shown a practical spirit of philanthropy.

Mr. David James, whose death is announced at the early age of fifty-four, was of Jewish descent, his real name being David Belasco. He made his first appearance in London at the old Princess's Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, but he only came prominently before the public when, at the Royalty, in the sixties, playing Mercury in Mr. Burnand's burlesque, "Ixion; or, the Man at the Wheel," one of the wittiest and most successful of its kind. Next he played at the Strand in burlesque, and established his reputation as a capable actor.

Early in 1870 Mr. James undertook the management of the Vaudeville Theatre in conjunction with Messrs. Montague and Thorne. The enterprise was successful, the new and old comedies which they produced exactly hitting the public taste. Of these "Our Boys," which was brought out in 1875, proved the most lasting in popularity, being played without a break for over four years. In the personation of Perkyn Middlewick, the retired butterman, James made the great success of his career. In 1881 he severed his connection with the Vaudeville, and subsequently appeared in a variety of parts at the leading metropolitan theatres.

Lieut.-General Sir A. A. Nelson, K.C.B., who died at Reading last week, entered the army in 1835 and was placed on the retired list in 1883. He took part in the capture of Fort Minora and the surrender of Kuratchee, in the Scinde Campaign of 1839-41. In the Afghan War of 1841-42 he was chief in command of the Bombay Commissariat, and took part in all the actions of the Kandahar Division, receiving at the end of the war the thanks of the Governor-General of India. General Nelson was also engaged in the Scinde and Gwalior campaigns of 1843, and at the battle of Maharajpore he had his horse shot under him. He received the thanks of the Government and a present of 200 guineas from the Jamaica House of Assembly for his services in suppressing the rebellion in that island in 1865. For some years General Nelson was Lieut.-Governor of Jersey. He was made a C.B. in 1875 and a K.C.B. in 1891.

Among the sights which Mr. Henry Irving has been seeing during his stay in San Francisco is the procedure in an American court. He visited the United States District Court in that city, and was invited to sit on the bench by Judge Morrow. It was an Admiralty case, and Mr. Irving appeared to take much interest in it. He whispered occasionally to the judge, and paid close attention to the arguments.

An American who has been visiting Professor John Stuart Blackie says the latter has the bluest eyes he ever saw, the brain of a scholar, and the heart of a little lad.

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WEATHER FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.

South England (with London and Channel).—Westerly breezes, moderate to strong; squally, fair to very showery.

Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S Instruments.

FOURTH EDITION.

FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

LORD DUNRAVEN AT THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

(PER ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM.]

NEW YORK, Monday Night.—Lord Dunraven returned from Boston this afternoon in company with General Paine, of the *Jubilee*. This evening the distinguished Englishman was the guest of ex-Commodore James Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, chairman of the America Cup Committee. The banquet was served at Delmonico's, and covers were laid for twenty-four persons.

Ex-Commodore Smith said at the conclusion of the dinner: "It is an undisguised pleasure to me that I have been instrumental in bringing together a company so honoured in social life, so eminent as yachtsmen, and so undisputed as authorities in the wide domain of the yachting world. In earlier years it was more a sport or pastime indulged in by comparatively few, but in these later days it employs and engages the best and highest talent until, added to its pleasure, yachting has become a study requiring great application, untiring energy, and thorough discipline.

"I am glad to say England and America, standing conspicuous in these international contests, have given it an interest, an impulse, that throbs through the hearts of all other nations. Up to the present moment, as events have proven, there has been no danger that the New York Yacht Club would not continue to be the custodian of the America Cup. None but American names has so far been engraved upon it.

"Even in this august presence," he added, extending his hand towards Lord Dunraven, who blushed perceptibly at this unexpected token of great regard, "I will not refrain from saying that in my opinion the cup stays here. But if I am mistaken I shall have equanimity of soul sufficient to bear up bravely under defeat." He then proposed the health of Lord Dunraven, which was drunk enthusiastically.

Lord Dunraven thanked his host and the others present for their kind reception. He said that Mr. Smith had asked him how he was going to bring the cup home—whether on the *Valkyrie* or by steamer. He said he would first have to consult with Mr. Iselin about it. Lord Dunraven thanked them for their hospitality. If he was defeated, which he did not think improbable, he would be glad to know that the race was won by true yachtsmen. Yachting was the best and most scientific of all sports, and brought out all the best qualities of a man. The race so far was on unknown quantity.

Valkyrie showed her full beauty to-day when she was hauled out of the water in the Erie basin. As she gradually left the water the fine lines of her forward section, and the tapering hull and stern, with much breadth and power amidships, were evident to all observers.

About five hundred yachting enthusiasts were present at the time. The old yard men, who have seen a great many yachts hauled out there, said that she was the finest they had ever seen, and all were inclined to think that the race with *Vigilant* would be very close.

Out of water *Valkyrie* would be termed a beauty by any yachting authority. From the water-line down the boat has more bilge than *Vigilant*. Her forefoot also has a sharper run, and takes the water more quickly. She may go deeper into a sea at the bow, but is likely to escape with less jar from concussion with the water than the American boat.

Valkyrie appears to be fully as heavy from rail to rail as in the water-line, and if she tumbles home any it cannot be detected on a casual inspection. Her stern, if anything, is cleaner cut than that of either *Vigilant*, *Colonia*, *Jubilee*, or *Pilgrim*. The lines are wonderfully delicate, and on the curve of her counter are as fine as the edge of a razor.

The area of the immense surface of *Vigilant* is undoubtedly greater than that of *Valkyrie*, but the American yacht spreads the most sail, and this will probably offset any advantage of the British boat in that respect. It may also be said that *Vigilant's* hull undoubtedly is relatively shallower in proportion to her whole draught than is the hull of *Valkyrie*. The English boat does not look so heavy as the America Cup defender, but she appears far deeper from keel to deck, where she actually is so. *Valkyrie*, it may be said, although of the cutter type, is so modified that in an essential respect she embodies as many American as English ideas.

Fully two thousand persons inspected *Valkyrie* during the afternoon. Lines were passed about the dock to prevent the over-curious from coming too closely to the sailors at work. While the duck-clad figures burnished *Valkyrie's* sides Mr. Ratsey gave his canvas an overhauling.

Vigilant left the ways at Hawkins Yard at City Island this morning, and her crew spent the greater part of the day in shipping the new mainboom, which will be used in her race. Late in the evening she went up the Sound for a ten-mile spin, behaving superbly, and pleasing everybody on board.

Considerable money changed hands on the Stock Exchange to-day at odds of 1,000 dols. to 700 dols. on *Vigilant's* chance for the great race.

THE INSURRECTION IN ARGENTINA.

ARREST OF THE RADICAL LEADER.

BUENOS AYRES, Monday (5.10 P.M.).—The capitulation of Rosario has to-day been followed by the arrest in that city of Dr. Alem, the Radical leader. The insurrection is now regarded as practically suppressed throughout the Republic.—*Reuter.*

THE FRANCO-SIAMESE QUESTION.

THE TREATY AND CONVENTION.

The text of the Franco-Siamese Treaty and the Convention was published in Paris yesterday. By the treaty the Siamese Government renounces all pretensions to the whole of the territories on the left bank of the Mekong, and to the islands in the river; and undertakes to abandon the armed navigation of the Great Tonle-Sap Lake, the Mekong, or their tributaries, and not to erect any fortified post in the provinces of Battambang and Siem-reap, or within a radius of 15 miles from the right bank of the Mekong. The Siamese Government also engages to open negotiations within six months for the revision of the treaty of commerce between the two countries, and recognizes the right of France to establish consulates in Siam wherever she shall think proper. The convention embodies stipulations for the evacuation of the posts in the surrendered territories, and for the trial of the "authors of the incidents" of King-hai and Cammon. It also provides that the occupation of Chantabun by the French shall continue until the execution of the stipulations of the Convention.

THE PARIS PRESS ON THE NEW TREATY.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The majority of the Paris newspapers express great satisfaction at the signature of the Franco-Siamese Treaty. The *Journal des Debats* says:—"It appears to us that this treaty is calculated to reassure the British, inasmuch as it does not injure any of their interests as defined by themselves. There may be important advantages in maintaining, if not in creating, buffer States between French and British possessions. Our success," says the *Journal*, in conclusion, "is by no means a reverse for England, if we set aside questions of *amour propre*." The *Figaro* declares that the treaty and the convention correspond to what France had a right to expect and satisfy her legitimate demands. The *Republique Francaise* expresses a hope that in the approaching negotiations for the establishment of a buffer State between the British and French dominions in the far East the French Government will show itself as prudent and as resolute in London and in Paris as it has been on the banks of the Menam.—*Reuter.*

Mr. E. H. Egerton, the Minister Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Athens, left Charing Cross Station by the 10 A.M. service to-day for Paris on his way to Greece.

A lecture to sanitary officers will be delivered at the Parkes Museum this evening at 8 P.M. by Sir Douglas Galton on "Ventilation, Heating, and Lighting."

THE SULTAN AND FUAD PASHA.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGES AND PROCEEDINGS.

RESIDENTS ABANDONING THEIR HOUSES.

(FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday.—The residence of Marshal Fuad Pasha, one of the most distinguished generals in the late Turco-Russian War, was lately surrounded and ransacked, by order of the Sultan. The extraordinary step was taken in consequence of a report that the General was manufacturing dynamite for the Armenian Committee.

The Marshal, naturally surprised and angered at the unjust accusation, sent a petition to the Sultan demanding that either the originator of the false report should be punished according to law, or else that his own resignation should be accepted. Neither of these requests have been granted, and it is believed that the gallant Pasha is determined to leave Turkey, where his honour and perhaps his personal safety are no longer secure.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BRAZIL.

INSURGENTS STILL BOMBARDING RIO AND SANTOS.

RESIDENTS ABANDONING THEIR HOUSES.

MONTE VIDEO, Monday.—According to the latest intelligence received here, the blockade of Rio de Janeiro and Santos by the insurgent warships continues. President Peixoto is still determined to resist to the last.—*Reuter.*

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The following telegram from Monte Video, of yesterday's date, has been received here:—It is rumoured that the insurgents renewed the bombardment of Rio de Janeiro yesterday, and that they threw shot and shell into the city all day. Owing to the press censorship it is impossible to send despatches direct from the city, but letters received here describe the events up to September 22. The harbour was quiet then and the fleet was anchored in a strategic position while President Peixoto was organizing his forces and planting batteries along the water front to command the insurgent ships. These manœuvres were followed by the bombardment of Armicao and Nictheroy by the rebels, and while the Government made efforts to conceal the effects of the firing, it was known that twenty men had been killed, the greatest loss of life being at Nichtheroy, where much property and valuable naval stores were ruined. The inhabitants fled from these cities, which are still practically abandoned. The arsenal of Rio de Janeiro and Fort Santa Cruz were also bombarded, but little damage was done. A few shells fell into the city, creating general alarm and driving the terror-stricken inhabitants to Petropolis.

A LONG STRUGGLE EXPECTED.

Five ships forced their way past Fort Santa Cruz and proceeded to Santos where the people were thrown into a state of consternation. Shots were exchanged by the ships and the land forces of Santos, but without serious results on either side. The vessels then proceeded to Santa Catharina to establish Admiral de Mello's headquarters there. If the insurgents set up a stronghold at Santa Catharina a long civil war may ensue. The Government is a dictatorship, and is becoming more unpopular every day. President Peixoto refuses to resign, and retains power through the sheer force of his military following of 5,000 men, of whom, however, only a small part are regulars, the remainder being militia, police, and firemen.

FAMILIES ABANDONING THEIR HOMES.

This body is loyal, although there is a dangerous scarcity of provisions in the forts. A large irregular and dangerous body in the community, however. Frequent outrages on the part of the military are reported, and families are abandoning their homes to escape the villainies of these marauders. Fort Villegaignon and the naval school, which are under the command of Admiral de Grama, are still neutral, but should President Peixoto continue his present policy they will join Admiral de Mello. Senhor Pereiro, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned.

SCARCITY OF FOOD IN RIO.

There is a scarcity of supplies and provisions of all kinds in Rio de Janeiro, and great suffering prevails. This has added to the cause for dissatisfaction that exists there, and there is great danger of a general uprising. A crisis is hourly expected. Admiral de Mello is awaiting reinforcements from the south. He needs men to serve on board his steamers, and believes that the forces will be augmented by deserters from that part of the country. He is also looking for an insurrection in the city to aid his manœuvres, and relies upon the diversion thus created to enable him to attack the capital with good results to himself.

GOVERNMENT TROOPS FIRE UPON AN ITALIAN BOAT.

The troops to suppress the uprising would have to be taken from the forces now opposing his fleet, and by thus weakening the loyal garrisons along the water front would impair the resistance which would otherwise continue to be offered to Admiral de Mello's sailors. The water front is still guarded from the shore to prevent the landing of sailors from the fleet, while the latter have stopped all traffic by water. A launch from the Italian cruiser *Giovanni Bausan*, which was going ashore from the ship, was fired on by the sailors on shore, and one of the foreigners was killed. The Italian Minister demanded instant reparation, and the Government promptly made amends by an apology and the payment of 100,000 milreis.

FUGITIVES LEAVING BRAZIL.

A boat carrying the American flag was also made a target for the shots of the land forces. The captain lodged a complaint with the American Consul against the Brazilian Government. If Admiral de Mello establishes his headquarters at Santa Catharina he will be joined by hosts of sympathizers from Rio and other cities, and a Provisional Government will be established there. It is believed that the Admiral would have maintained a more continuous and vigorous bombardment of Rio had it not been for the commanders of the foreign warships, who are thought to have endeavoured to induce him to spare the city. Large numbers of fugitives from Rio de Janeiro have arrived in Monte Video, having fled from the Brazilian capital in order to escape imprisonment.—*Reuter.*

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

A MOORISH VICTORY.

MADRID, Monday Evening.—Later intelligence received here from Melilla states that the Moors vigorously attacked the Spanish at Fort Guaraich in strong force. The Spanish riflemen behind the redoubts defended the position bravely from the morning until the evening, when outnumbered by the enemy and their ammunition exhausted, they were compelled to retreat to the shelter of the guns of the fortifications. The Spanish loss was eight killed and thirty-three wounded, including three officers. The Moors carried off their dead and wounded.

General Margallo has telegraphed to the Minister of War, asking for a company of artillerymen to reinforce the Melilla garrison, and the Minister has consequently telegraphed instructions to Malaga for troops to be forwarded from that place. It is considered probable that the Moors will renew the attack, and they mean war in earnest, as they have sent their women and children up into the mountains for safety. Their repulse is, however, regarded as certain as soon as they come within reach of the guns mounted on the fortifications. The news of the fighting has caused considerable excitement here, and public opinion demands reparation for the attack on the Spanish riflemen. At the War Department, however, the matter does not appear to be regarded very seriously.—*Reuter.*

THE BARCELONA OUTRAGE.

THE SENTENCE ON PALLAS.

BARCELONA, Monday Evening.—It is stated that the Supreme Council of War has ratified the death sentence passed on the Anarchist Pallas, and that the execution will take place to-morrow morning behind Mont Juich. The condemned man has been visited by his family, and during the interview showed much courage, although he could not conceal his emotion while caressing his children before bidding them a final farewell. In answer to a question from his mother, asking him if he believed in God, Pallas drily replied "No." When the time for parting was close at hand, the prisoner's brother wept bitterly, whereupon Pallas reproved him, saying, "Reserve your weeping until you see my head severed from my body." Pallas asserts that he is keeping back some important revelations for his last moments.—*Reuter.*

ILLNESS OF SENOR SAGASTA.

MADRID, Tuesday.—The condition of Senor Sagasta causes increased anxiety. During the night he has become worse.—*Central News*

THE MAIDENHEAD MYSTERY

MR. JUETT TO FACE DE JONG.

ASSISTANCE FOR THE POLICE.

THE MISSING GIRL'S BROTHER IN HOLLAND.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Heartless as Hendrik de Jong has shown himself to be, he will hardly be able to extract much comfort out of a meeting that is in store for him one day this week. Mr. Daniel Juett intends to go to Amsterdam to-morrow, and he will take with him every scrap of evidence that can be of assistance in the Dutch police. I saw Mr. Juett at his pretty little house, Maidenhead, to-day. When he learned that I had just returned from Holland he at once began to play the part of interviewer. He had never been in Holland, he said, and De Jong is the only Dutchman of his acquaintance. He is surprised himself at the ease with which De Jong befooled him. He instinctively distrusted the fellow, yet blamed himself for the feeling when he saw how fond his daughter was of De Jong, and attributed his dissatisfaction to the circumstance that De Jong was a foreigner. Whenever De Jong conducted himself in a manner that rather shocked the Juett household, the latter excused the Hollander on the ground that he was a foreigner, and was probably doing nothing that would be considered improper or even odd in his own country. Mr. Juett does not look or talk like a man who could be easily hoodwinked. He is tall and well set-up, with bright blue eyes and a frank manner. "No Englishman could have taken me in in such a way," he said to me, "but De Jong had the advantage of being a foreigner, and we always excused any shortcomings that we noticed because he was a foreigner. Besides, I did not think any man who had been nursed by my daughter, and who had been so well treated by all of us, could be such a wretch as to intend her any harm." "Yes," said Mrs. Juett, step-mother of the missing girl, "there was much about De Jong that we did not like, but he was always saying 'it is so,' or 'we do such in my country,' and would shrug his shoulders, and then we thought perhaps

OUR CUSTOMS WERE NOT THOSE OF HOLLAND.

The night before the wedding we wanted more beds than we had, as the house was crowded with guests, so I suggested that he and the oldest boy, who is now in Holland, should take a room at the Cleveden. He said 'No.' They never did such a thing in his country. It would raise a scandal. People would ask why he did not sleep at the house on that particular night. So he kept the best bedroom, and Lallie (Miss Sarah Juett) had to go to her uncle's to sleep. Then after the wedding he did not look after anything. Lallie had two black leather boxes with circular lids. When the boxes were taken to the station De Jong paid no attention to them. The railway porters knew they belonged to a wedding party, and of course they expected to be well tipped; but De Jong did not tip any one. It seems to me that he did not want to give up his bedroom, because he might have to pay for a room at the hotel." It seems that De Jong did not spend a shilling at Maidenhead. He lived on the fat of the land, borrowed money from his father-in-law and from his wife, did not pay even for the wedding flowers which he ordered, and all that he ever gave any one was a box of cheap Dutch cigars. Mr. Juett has the latter still. Mr. Juett was dumbfounded when De Jong called and told him that "Lallie" had run away with a rich American. He wrote the name of the alleged rich American on the bottom of a cigar-box.

"MR. WILLIAM WILSON, OF NEW YORK"

is what he wrote with a lead pencil. He wept, and generally acted like a semi-demented creature, and whined that all he wanted was to see his wife again. He would forgive her and take her back again, but he begged that nothing should be done in the matter, as he "did not want a scandal." His sister was in London, he said, and he wanted Mr. Juett to accompany him to town that he might introduce him to his sister. The latter did not speak English, he said. Mr. Juett declined to go, and therefore missed meeting Miss Schmitz, who was the "sister," and who was described by De Jong as "tall, and with a very fine bust." De Jong told his father-in-law that he had not seen his wife for nine days, but he brought back with him a packet of unopened letters, addressed to "Mrs. de Jong," many of the letters being much more than nine days old. It is quite possible that he intercepted all letters written to his wife and all letters written by her to her father, or sisters or brother. Mr. Juett said that when his daughter went away she had a gold watch which he had given to her on her daughter eleven years ago. This daughter made a present to Mrs. de Jong. He had written for the number to Manchester, as he had bought it there from a watchmaker named Farren. Mrs. de Jong also wore

A LONG, SLENDER GOLD CHAIN

that he would know anywhere, and a gold brooch, in the centre of which was a cross set with turquoises, a couple of which were missing. Mr. Juett will take to Amsterdam with him patterns of the dresses that his daughter took with her, and of the materials with which they were trimmed. He will also take the bills of all the articles that constituted her trousseau. Of these bills there must be between thirty and forty. He will also take the cheque with which he paid for the marriage licence, £2 17s., and one for £20, which he gave to his daughter, though he does not know that these will be of any use. When De Jong handed over the packet of letters addressed to his wife he showed his wife's "married lines." These he refused to give up, saying they were all he had to remind him of her he had lost. Mr. Juett's eldest son, a fine-looking young fellow just twenty-one years of age, went to Amsterdam on Saturday. He will meet his father there, and it is probable will remain in Holland until the latter has gone over the ground covered by De Jong on his honeymoon. This will take several days at least. At present he fears the worst, for his parting injunction to his daughter was that if her married life was not what she expected it to be she should write to him at once and he would send whatever money was required to bring her home. He also bade her remember that she always had a home at Maidenhead, and he explained to me that she had become a nurse of her own desire, as from the age of nine years she had expressed the intention of becoming a professional nurse.

THE BRITISH MISSION TO KABUL.

Reuter's special correspondent with Sir Mortimer Durand's mission telegraphs from Butkhak, October 4, via Landi Kotal, as follows:—

"We arrived here this morning, and can now distinctly see the familiar Kabul landmark, Siah-Sang, the city, Sherpur, Bemaru, Asmai, &c. The British Agent at Kabul has joined us here. He says that the Ameer's house at Indaki is quite ready for our reception.

"Our route to-morrow lies past Siah-Sang, the Ark, near Pyne's workshops at Alamganj, then along by the Chandul quarter and Baber's Tomb to Indaki.

"The post now takes thirty-eight hours in coming from Landi Kotal. Telegrams should, therefore, reach Simla from Kabul in forty hours. The weather is perfect, and all are well."

THE SEAL FISHERIES.

RUSSIAN THREAT TO BLOW UP A SCHOONER.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, Tuesday.—Towards the end of August the San Francisican schooner *Rosie Sparks* was overhauled in the prohibited zone by the Russian cruiser *Zabiaka*, which confiscated her papers. The captain stated that he did not recognize the agreement between Great Britain and Russia. He was thereupon told that if he stayed where he was he would be blown out of the water.—*Reuter.*

BRIGANDAGE IN SICILY.

ROME, Tuesday.—Senator Gravina has telegraphed to the President of the Council asking for the immediate assistance of the Government in order to suppress the bands of brigands who are again committing acts of violence in the neighbourhood of Palermo.—*Dalziel.*

DEATH OF SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD.

Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., Secretary to the General Post Office, died about eleven o'clock last night at the Great Eastern Hotel, Parkeston, Harwich, whither he was brought recently in a prostrate condition from Rotterdam. The deceased, who was born in 1832, served during the Crimean War as Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General, and has held his appointment at the General Post Office for many years.

Sir Stevenson Arthur Blackwood was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and at the age of twenty was appointed to a clerkship in the office of the Treasury. This was in 1852, and on the breaking out of the Russian war young Blackwood sought employment in the Commissariat Department and served as Deputy Assistant-Commissary-General to the Brigade of Guards in the East. He remained with the army during the whole of the operations in the Crimea, and was favourably noticed in the official despatches for the energy he displayed in his important department, which at one period was frightfully inefficient. On the conclusion of peace Mr. Blackwood returned to the Treasury, and among his other official acts he was engaged on a commission of inquiry into consular fees in the Levant in the year 1870. In the year 1874 some difficulties having arisen at St. Martin's-le-Grand, the post of Financial Secretary to the General Post Office was created. Mr. Blackwood received the appointment. In 1880 the secretaryship to the Post Office became vacant by the retirement of Sir Arthur Hilley, when Mr. Blackwood was promoted to the post, and became the head of the department. He was made a C.B. in the same year and a K.C.B. in 1887. Sir Stevenson married in 1858 the widow of the sixth Duke of Manchester. The deceased took a prominent part in religious movements, and produced a good deal of religious literature.

DISASTROUS STORM AT NEW ORLEANS.

MANY PEORLE KILLED AND INJURED.

NEW ORLEANS, Tuesday.—A terrific storm struck this city late on Sunday evening, and raged all night and part of the following day. So far as is known twenty-four persons have been killed, and many injured. Here and in the vicinity, the wind reached a velocity of from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Point A la Hache, a town of 2,000 inhabitants suffered most. Not a single house is uninjured, and four adults and several children have been killed there. The orange crop and some parts of the Gulf Coast has been destroyed, the loss being estimated at 350,000 dols. Other losses cannot be estimated. The sugar district has escaped the worst of the blow. At Mobile, in Alabama, the storm raged very fiercely, and great damage was done.—*Reuter.*

NEW YORK, Tuesday.—The storm in Alabama was yesterday visited by a terrific storm. The city of Mobile suffered severely, the low-lying portions of the town being flooded. The plant for generating the city's electric light was hopelessly disarranged by the storm, and last night the streets were enveloped in darkness. Five persons are known to have been killed, but it is feared that the loss of life will greatly exceed this number when full details become known.—*Central News.*

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

OPENING DAY AT BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM, Tuesday (Special).—The city is very full, and the morning is fine. The various meetings yesterday of the English Church Union, Church Pastoral Aid Society, Waifs and Strays Society, and other bodies were largely attended. This morning the mayor formally welcomed the Congress to the Midland metropolis, and subsequently at the town hall an influential body of Nonconformist ministers did the same. Much unfeigned regret at Dr. Dale's inability to head the deputation. [A long procession of bishops and dignitaries—who robed in St. Martin's schools, the bishops in their Coronation robes—wended its way to St. Martin's Church, which was densely packed. The service was admirably rendered, and the Primate's sermon was a noteworthy one.

The Bishop of Durham presided at St. Philip's, and Archdeacon Farrar at St. George's, Edgbaston.

FEVER CASES IN LONDON HOSPITALS.

3,074 PATIENTS UNDER TREATMENT.

The officials of the Metropolitan Asylums Board report this morning that the hospitals are still quite full, and the applications for admission far exceed the number of beds which are rendered vacant by the discharge of cured patients. The medical superintendent at the eight hospitals now open in London states that yesterday only eight cases could be admitted, and there is still the enormous total of 3,074 patients under treatment, of whom 2,716 are suffering from scarlet fever, 245 from diphtheria, 103 from enteric fever, and 10 from other diseases.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE PROFESSOR JOWETT.

The funeral of the late Professor Jowett is fixed to take place on Friday afternoon next in St. Sepulchre's Cemetery, Oxford. The first of the services will be in Balliol College Chapel at two o'clock. Friends from a distance who may wish to sleep in college either on Thursday or Friday night are requested to telegraph to the Bursar.

FIRES IN THE METROPOLIS.

Shortly after four o'clock this morning a fire occurred on the premises of Messrs. White, Palmer, and Co., essential oil distillers at Greenwich. The property attacked comprised a building of two floors, 90ft. long and 25ft. wide, used as a distillery and stores. The mischief originated in the upper floor, and about a fourth of this had taken fire when the first engine arrived, while the flames were already bursting through the roof. Deliveries from a powerful street hydrant were got to work so promptly, however, that what at first appeared likely to be a dangerous fire was checked in the course of a quarter of an hour, and the distillery saved from total destruction. A fourth of the upper floor was, however, severely damaged by fire, a part of the roof was burnt off, and the remainder of the building and its contents sustained damage by fire, heat, smoke, and water. Particulars as to the insurances effected are wanting.

At a quarter to four o'clock this morning a fire broke out at 7, Boltonstreet, Kennington Park, upon the premises occupied by T. Faldo, firewood dealer. A hydrant was got to work without delay, but the structure was gutted. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained. Mr. Faldo was not insured.

AN ENGLISH ENGINEER SHOT IN INDIA.

A Bombay despatch reports the murder of an English executive engineer, named E. C. Elliot, of the Bareilly, Rampore, and Moradabad Railway, by a discharged assistant engineer, who shot him through the heart. The murderer was captured and committed for trial.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT LEEDS.

The premises of Messrs. Longley, bedstead and mattrass manufacturers, York-street, Leeds, were gutted by fire this morning, and nearly the whole of the stock was destroyed. Serious damage was also done to the St. James's Hall, which is on the opposite side of the road, and to Bennett's model Hall, which is on the opposite side of the road, and to Bennett's model Hall, which is on the opposite side of the road, and to Bennett's model

M. ZOLA ON HIS ENGLISH VISIT.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A REALIST.

"MON CHER CONFRÈRE,—Je pourrai vous recevoir Samedi matin à 10 h. Mais soyez très exact.—Cordialement, EMILE ZOLA."

To be sure there was need of being "very punctual," for already at this early hour quite an army of autograph hunters, kodak-knights, and very tall ladies with very conspicuous badges (*qui ton dence, quarante-cinq?*) were on the warpath near and about the Savoy Hotel, No. 240—when presently the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was shown in. A previous acquaintance with the "Grand Young Frenchman"—as M. Petilleau of the *Courrier de Londres* has baptized M. Zola—is responsible for the fact that a friendly conversation took the place of a formal interview.

To say that M. Zola is pleased with London and his reception is to use but a feeble expression; our people seem to have impressed him greatly, and our big city has positively fascinated him. He is never tired of expatiating on the size of London and on the prosperous and solid look of things.

"TOUT EST ENORME CHEZ VOUS,"

exclaims he; "compare your monuments and ours, your embankment and our quais, the movement of London with that of Paris, your river and our river—why the Seine looks a toy, a Bassin des Tuileries next to the Thames; everything is so much bigger and grander with you. I am sorry I saw London so late in life, and that having come I cannot stay longer; *j'ai l'avant pour quatre ans sur la planche.* But what I might have written on this colossus had I been here! I see things always larger than they are; this inkstand, for instance, which is but an inkstand to anybody else, would become out of all proportion if handled by me; I would dig at it, and dig, and describe, and analyze until there would be no room for anything else, or, as my wife says, I would make of it a something *de quoi remplir le monde.* It is a defect I have; I know it, but you can imagine what a description of London would become in my hands. Why not do it? Perhaps—I do not know—I have so much work before me that I may not have the time for a prolonged stay here. And then, I am a very bad traveller; in fact, I do not like to travel at all. It takes me away from my work, and that is the only thing I care for and live for. Even my visit here was unexpected, in so far as I had made quite different plans; we had intended to go to Brittany for the summer, but the doctors forbade it owing to the season of incessant rain of my wife's health. So we decided to stay on at Médan, and finding that we had after all a fortnight to spare, I accepted the invitation for the Conference, and I am very glad I came. Of course I knew I would be well received, if only because I was a guest; but I had not the remotest inkling of what the reception would be like; and I am as much surprised at it as I feel honoured, gratified, and flattered. I have noticed one very important phenomenon; that is that

THE FRENCHMAN IS MORE LIKED IN ENGLAND

than an Englishman in France. I am glad you agree with me. We do not like anybody in France? I am afraid that is true; you see, we have been in sore need and nobody helped us; we have been severely wounded and nobody dressed our wounds; we have been now isolated for so long, and naturally we are *ouvrets*; we have a grievance against the rest of our neighbours. For all that, this dislike of the English is as unfortunate as it is silly, and the feeling is one of old standing. I speak quite apart from politics; it is between man and man. I am quite positive that you like us, and I shall give the widest publicity to the fact; may it be productive of some good in our future mutual relations!"

"Allow me, then, *cher maître*, to complete your observations on this count. We do not know here what it is to dislike or hate a foreigner simply because he is a foreigner; there may be at times a feeling of good-natured contempt for all that is un-English, but that is all."

"We must talk this over before I leave, for I mean to mention it in the *Temps* as soon as I have left your shores. I find that your country characterized, good many improved, and others corroborated by what I have seen. But what are ten days in London? From what I know of your literature it seems to me that a gigantic amount of human document has been willingly neglected in neglecting London in the novel. Yes, yes, I know; you will have more to say in the hearty welcome of the crowd the Duke and Duchess appeared on the balcony at the hotel and bowed their acknowledgments. After dinner their Royal Highnesses viewed the illuminations from the hotel windows. The view was magnificent. The castle and the rock on which it stands were outlined with Padella lights, while pretty designs appeared in the Recreation Gardens. The evening was fine. Upwards of a hundred thousand persons witnessed the firework displays on the Castle Esplanade and Calton-hill.

FIRE AT A SMALL-POX HOSPITAL.

About twenty minutes to five o'clock yesterday afternoon a fire broke out at a special iron small-pox hospital, near Bradford. The institution was built about a year ago two miles from the town. There were fifty-six patients in the hospital, two-and-nine of whom were in the main block, in which the fire commenced, and which was destroyed by the worst cases. The building being lined partly with match-boarding, the fire spread with great rapidity; but extra doors had been provided at the ends, and, the staff retaining their presence of mind, the patients were all got out and placed, well wrapped in blankets, in the open fields, where they remained until cabs were forthcoming for their removal to the Fever Hospital, to get to which the remarkable procession had to pass through the centre of the town. The fire worked its will on the main building, burning it out from end to end, and destroying also the administrative offices of one of the two wings. There was nothing left but a heap of debris on the ground. The brigade were successful in preventing the spread of the fire to the second block, which was used as a convalescent ward. The mortuary, which was at one end of the burnt building, but separated, and in which there were several dead bodies, was not touched. The fire was extinguished in about an hour and a half. The occurrence caused the greatest excitement in the town. The Sanitary Committee was sitting, discussing the need of hospital extension, at the time.

ALLEGED ARSON AT A LODGING-HOUSE.

George Edwards, tea merchant, was charged at the Lambeth police-court, yesterday, with setting fire to Rowton House, Bond-street, Kennington. A lodger saw the reflection of fire as he was retiring to rest. An alarm was given, and the prisoner was found in a room where the bed was on fire. He stated that he was there with a view to extinguishing the flames, but the evidence of a witness was to the effect that Edwards was standing looking at the fire, and had to be pushed aside before it could be reached. There were about five hundred men in the house at the time, and it was stated that there had lately been three fires on the premises. Prisoner was committed for trial.

THE UNEMPLOYED AND THEIR FUNDS.

Curious revelations were made at a meeting of the Tower Hill agitators, in the course of a dispute over some money. It appears that Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, M.P., sent of 2s. to one of the leaders, and the other wanted to know what had become of it. Charges of "fraud" were bandied about. The recipient said the money was sent for his own personal use, and alleged that his accuser was not merely an alien, but an undesirable mean person. The only interest the dispute has is to show the folly of people of means sending money to these agitators in the hope that thereby they are benefiting those who are really out of work.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

CRITICAL SITUATION IN MASHONALAND.

A MATABELE IMPI ON THE WAR PATH.

WHITE SCOUTS FIRED AT.

Dr. Jameson reports from Fort Victoria that Captain White's scouts have been fired upon by a body of Matabele. The latter, who are estimated by their spoor to be 7,000 strong, passed to the north-east of Fort Victoria. The Administrator has received permission from the High Commissioner to despatch a strong patrol of police, supported by a stronger contingent from Forts Charter and Victoria, to ascertain the precise strength of the Matabele impis, and to watch their movements.

Replying yesterday to the recent article of the *Times* on the situation in Mashonaland, in which that journal urged the newspapers at the Cape to exercise and inculcate self-control at the present juncture, the *Cape Times* says:—

The settlers now in laager in the various forts with their lives in danger and their occupations indefinitely suspended will appreciate the fine irony of advice counselling self-control. It seems to be forgotten in London that the Englishmen in Mashonaland are confronted by hordes of naked savages, mass-murdering within a few miles of the very seat of government.

THE MATABELE ACTIVELY HOSTILE.

The Chartered Company of South Africa have communicated to Reuter's Agency the following telegram received from their agent at Cape Town, and dated October 2, 3.35 P.M.:—

The Matabele have fired on our police near Fort Victoria. High Commissioner Sir H. Loch is convinced that, from what Dr. Jameson reports, the intention of the Matabele is actively hostile. He has ordered Dr. Jameson to take all steps necessary for protecting our interests, life, and liberty under his control. The Matabele impi is estimated at 7,000. They have passed north-east from Fort Victoria.

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES.

VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.

At the Greenwich Lecture Hall last evening Mr. E. A. Carttar resumed his inquest as to the deaths of William James Phillips, twenty-two, a lighterman's apprentice, and Richard C. Clements, thirty-four, a fisherman, who lost their lives in a collision on the 17th ult. between the steamship *Tees*, of Stockton, and the barge *Tim*, belonging to the South Eastern Railway Company, off Deptford Creek. Mr. Lockins, barrister, again appeared for the South Eastern Railway Company; Mr. Batten, solicitor, for the Tees Union Steamship Company, of Stockton, and also for the captain and mate, and Mr. Isaac, for Mr. Bishop, the pilot of the *Tees*. John Batturn, the captain of the *Tees*, recalled, admitted that there were several passengers on the bridge at the time of the collision. The Coroner pointed out that this was illegal by Rule 36 of the Thames Conservancy Bye-laws. The master or person in charge of the vessel ought to clear the bridge of all except those belonging to the crew of the ship. By the jury: The outside

SPEED OF THE VESSEL WAS 9½ TO 9¾ MILES PER HOUR.

Mr. Lockins: Was there at any time any difference of opinion—first, as to whether the helm was to be ported or starboarded; secondly, as to whether the engines were to be put full speed ahead? Witness: Not that I am aware of. By Mr. Isaac: If the helm had been starboarded the *Tees* would have run into the pier. George W. Everson, a waterman, recalled, stated that he heard three whistles from the *Tees*, which witness took to mean that a sailing vessel should get out of the way of a steamer. George Wilmshurst, mate of the *Tees*, said that on the afternoon of the occurrence he was in the bows on the look out. He did not know the river well. When they left Blackwall, and before reaching Greenwich, the engines were eased several times. When abreast of Greenwich Pier he saw a sailing barge on the port bow. Suddenly she went about and then stood to the northward. He then saw a dumb barge, which was struck soon afterwards amidships. One of the men appeared to witness to jump overboard and the other to fall over. Witness at once threw ropes overboard attached to the side of the ship, but he could see no second of the men. Witness made the entries in the log-book. The sea speed of the steamer was about nine and a half miles an hour, but the vessel was going only at the rate of about three miles at the time of the collision. The Coroner: To what do you attribute the collision? Witness:

THE SHIP NOT ANSWERING HER PORT HELM

quickly enough. After some further evidence the coroner, in summing up, said that from calculations he had made he came to the conclusion that the pilot must have come up the river at full speed, or a little over, up to Barking, in order to have been going only at the rate of five miles an hour after that, and then only three at the time of the collision. If, however, the stoppages were included, the jury would have to consider whether the speed limit of seven miles had been exceeded after passing Barking. The coroner concluded by saying that there was a *prima-facie* case against the pilot of having caused the death of the two men; but it was for the jury to say whether they held him criminally responsible or not. The jury retired at 9.15 P.M., and returned into court at 10.22 P.M. with a verdict of manslaughter against the pilot in the second case. They also desired to call the attention of the Board of Trade to the reckless and dangerous rate of speed at which steam vessels were navigated on the Thames. The finding of the jury was received with loud and prolonged cheers by a large number of persons who crowded the court.

THE SPLIT IN THE IRISH PARTY.

MR. BARRY AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Mr. Barry, M.P., met his constituents at a convention which was held in Wexford yesterday, and—after he had stated that his resignation of his seat was the strongest protest he could make against the grasping after power on the part of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, whom, he contended, desired to control the whole Irish party and the country—a resolution was passed approving of Mr. Barry's action and declining to accept his resignation. A motion was carried by a large majority declaring that the time had come for a full disclosure of the facts connected with the Paris funds. Mr. Barry promised to let his constituents know his decision as to remaining in Parliament to-day.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

The Royal Commission upon Agricultural Depression has been summoned to meet on the 9th of November next. In the meantime four of the Sub-Commissioners are making every inquiry throughout England and Scotland. The following is the itinerary of the Sub-Commissioners; Dr. Fream is at present at Andover, in Hants, and will be in Maidstone, Kent, in a fortnight; Mr. Wilson Fox is now at Garstang, Lancashire, and will be in the Glendale district of Northumberland in a fortnight; Mr. Hunter Pringle is now in the Epworth division of Lincolnshire, and will be in the Ongar district of Essex in a fortnight; Mr. James Hope, who was appointed to go through selected districts of Scotland, is now in Fifeshire. He will next proceed to Perthshire, Forfarshire, and over part of Aberdeenshire. The Royal Commissioners hope that every facility will be shown to these gentlemen in their inquiry, and assistance given where necessary.

A SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST PARENTS.

A sensation was created in Chester yesterday by the arrest of Constance Phelan, a prepossessing lady of French extraction, and her husband, an independent gentleman residing at Parkgate, on a charge of cruelly illtreating their two children, three and two years old respectively. It is alleged that both parents beat the children in a brutal manner. At the last Quarter Sessions Mrs. Phelan was tried for cruelty to one of the same children and was acquitted after a lengthy hearing. Yesterday both prisoners were brought before the magistrates and remanded. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is prosecuting.

REMARKABLE PRISON CONSPIRACY.

Two warders of the Baraset Gaol, near Calcutta, have been convicted of a conspiracy which has probably no parallel in the history of criminal prisons. These unfaithful guardians of the cells conceived the idea of establishing a profitable partnership with certain burglars under their charge. To this end they selected one night three convicts, took them to the warders' quarters, exchanged their gaol apparel for every-day clothing, and told them to go forth and break into the houses in the locality. The plunder was to be brought "home" in the morning for equal distribution among the parties concerned, and the convicts were then to resume their peaceful daily work. Fortunately for the interests of society, the burglars became discontented with their share of the spoils and were overheard discussing their grievances by another warder, who gave information to the prison authorities. The warders with whom this audaciously ingenious scheme originated have been sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment, but on appeal their case is stated to have been committed to the Criminal Sessions, to be dealt with by a jury.

SERIOUS FLOODS IN ITALY.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INTERRUPTED.

Torrential rains have been falling at Naples and the surrounding country since Sunday night. In the neighbourhood of Naples twenty houses were so undermined by overflows that they had to be evacuated by the inhabitants. The train service between Naples and Ottaiano has been suspended in consequence of the collapse of two bridges, and in the adjoining districts the damage caused by the floods is estimated at 200,000 lire. Heavy floods and rains are also reported from Northern Italy. In the Province of Florence railway embankments have been washed away in several places, and the city of Prato is in danger of inundation. In the rural districts several families have been cut off from communication with the towns owing to the floods. In the vicinity of Genoa great damage has been caused to the line of railway to the west. In the province of Lucca, the River Pescia burst an embankment, and, pouring through an immense gap over two hundred yards in length, inundated the country far and wide, interrupting traffic both by road and rail. At Foppe, near Bologna, the River Reno has flooded the high road running through that city from Piacenza to Rimini, and has also interrupted railway traffic to the westward of Bologna, two bridges having been so seriously damaged as to be unsafe. In the province of Bologna three persons have been drowned. In Tuscany the railway between Faenza and Florence is flooded, and in Upper Italy the line between Ferrara and Modena.

THE ARDLAMONT MYSTERY.

At a meeting held yesterday in Leeds of the creditors of Mr. John Hardcastle, chartered accountant and financial agent, of London and Leeds, it was stated that the man Monson, who is charged with the murder of Lieut. Hambrough in Scotland, negotiated some time ago through the debtor for advances on the Hamilton estate. In 1892 Hardcastle sued Monson at the Leeds Assizes for £1,800 commission in respect of loans obtained through a local bank and secured judgment for the full amount with costs. The liabilities of Hardcastle were put down at £10,079 12s. 3*d*. and the assets at £5,451 5s. 8*d*. The debtor absconded from Leeds nearly a year ago.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AT GUY'S HOSPITAL.

In Guy's Hospital entrance scholarships, the first, value £150, was taken by Philip Turner, of University College, London; and the second, value £60, by G. C. Richmond, of Owens College, Manchester. In the Arts department (Medical School) the first scholarship, value £100, was won by Charles Piggot, of Bancroit's School; and the second, value £50, by Albert Evans Davies, of Oswestry Grammar School; while in the Dental School, Graham Scales Simpson, of the Grammar School, Bishop's Stortford, carried off a scholarship of £30.

AUTUMN MEETING OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

The autumn assembly of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland was commenced last night at Reading, a home missionary meeting in the Town Hall. Mr. E. West, of Caversham, presided, and there was a crowded attendance. An address on the claims of the rural churches was delivered by the Rev. E. W. Cantrell, of Birmingham, after which the Rev. F. C. Spurr spoke on special mission work in London, advocating an established order of evangelists or missioners. The concluding address was by the Rev. A. Ramsey, a Presbyterian minister, on "The Problems of our Cities." The meetings will be continued to-morrow and Thursday.

POLICE CAUTION TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

The following notice has been issued and circulated throughout the metropolis by Sir E. R. C. Bradford, the Commissioner of Police, namely:—"The Commissioner of Police of the metropolis considers it his duty to caution merchants and tradesmen against the practice of leaving their premises unoccupied and often very insecurely fastened, especially between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning. The duties of the police cannot relieve individual responsibility in this matter. The inspectors of police are instructed to give to warehouse and shop owners any advice they can as to securing their premises when absolutely incurring additional responsibility, and in all cases where a formal written notice is addressed to the superintendent of the division about any premises left unoccupied such additional protective measures as are possible, considering the claims of others, will be taken by him. If ordinary and necessary precautions are taken the efforts of the police in preventing crime will be materially aided, and property more effectually secured."

MALPRACTICES IN LONDON GRAVEYARDS.

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs." It appears to be high time that London followed King Richard's suggestion literally. Dr. Greene, a member of the Vestry, and afterwards Chairman, and one of the witnesses before the Death Registration Committee of the House of Commons, states that many of the metropolitan burying-grounds are infested with abuses. From the sanitary more than the sentimental point of view, although the latter enters into the matter also, some steps should be taken to stop the practice of interring so many bodies in one grave. Sometimes it is through the covert dishonesty of cemetery officials, and at other times it is through the cupidity of burial boards, that this horrible practice is pursued. Graves 30 feet deep are dug, and are left open, with corpses in them, until the requisite number to fill them have arrived. To mention a specific case, Dr. Greene stated at the Camberwell vestry that one of these graves had been left open for forty-five days, with just a sprinkling of dirt over the top coffin. The chairman of the Burial Board told him that the statement was a — untruth, whereupon Dr. Greene proved his assertion by black and white from the registers of the Burial Board. While these pits are open there is in some cases nothing to prevent the secret burial of uncertificated bodies, especially the corpses of children. At Forest-hill cemetery, for instance, there is certainly a fence round, but the rails at the top have been stolen in places, and it would be easy for anybody anxious to dispose of a small corpse, maybe a murdered infant, to clamber over and deposit it in one of the open pits, throwing in after it sufficient dirt to cover it. Two sides of the cemetery are open to adjoining fields, without a house near. Obviously, too, when a number of coffins have been stacked in this manner, an exhumation of one of the lower bodies would mean the disturbance of all those nearer the surface. These pits contain sometimes as many as sixty bodies, according to a statement publicly made without any subsequent challenging at a meeting of the Society of England Burial Reform Society. Bodysnatching has gone out of vogue now that the dissecting houses supply so many corpses to the dissecting room; but practices nearly as bad are alleged to exist in London cemeteries. Dr. Greene advocates a thorough investigation into the management and the condition of the whole of the London cemeteries.

THIS MORNING'S WEATHER REPORTS.

AT 8.30 A.M.—Newhaven, fine, some clouds, sea moderate, temp. 50; Dieppe, overcast, cold wind, sea moderate, 50; Rouen, unsettled, 52; Portsmouth, fine morning, sea moderate, 52; Ryde, clear sky, sea moderate, 54; Worthing, fine morning, sea rough, 52.

AT 9 O'CLOCK.—Margate, temp. 40, bar. 29.35, rising, wind W., cloudy and fresh; Falmouth, W., fine, sea smooth; Penzance, N.W., fine, sea smooth; Plymouth, N.W., showery, sea smooth; Teignmouth, W.N.W., fine, sea smooth; Torquay, W., fine, sea smooth; Weston-super-Mare, W., cloudy, sea smooth; Weymouth, N.W., fine, sea moderate; New Milford, W., dull, sea calm; Brighton, W.N.W., fine, sea moderate; Eastbourne, N.W., sunshine, sea rough; Hastings, W., lovely, sea rough; Ramsgate, W., bright; Barmouth, W., fine, sea moderate; Bournemouth, S.W., fine; Ilfracombe, S.W., showery; Southampton, S.W., fine; Cromer, W., cloudy, bar. 29.0, falling; Lowestoft, W., cloudy, bar. 29.3 falling; Harwich, fine.

AT 8.30 A.M.—Boulogne, clear and fine, temp. 50; Berne, fine morning, 58; Calais, unsettled, 56; Bienne-Macolin, dull morning, 51; Paris, fine, some clouds, 52; Brunig, cloudy, but fine, 55; Lucerne, fine, some clouds, 51; Geneva, warm sunshine, 58; Lausanne, fine morning, 54; Lucerne, cloudy and fine, 58; Brussels, fine, some clouds, 52; Neuchatel, fine morning, 56; Ostend, unsettled, 52; Vevey-Montreux, cloudy, 55; Rome, unsettled, 70; Zermatt, dull, but fine, 46; Folkestone, fine, some clouds, 51; Dover, cloudy, 52; Queenborough, fine, warm wind, fair passage, 52; Baden-Baden, fine, some clouds, 50.

TO-MORROW'S MAILS AND SHIP LETTERS.

MAILS TO BE DESPATCHED.—Morning: To United States, &c. via Southampton; to Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Beyrout, Egypt, Aden, India, Burmah, and Ceylon (Parcel Mails). Evening: To United States, Canada (except Nova Scotia), Bahamas, Bermudas, Mexico, Belize, and Guatemala, *via* Queenstown; to Japan and China, *via* San Francisco; to Canada, *via* Liverpool (Parcel Mails). MAILS DUE.—From West Indies and Pacific, *via* Plymouth; from United States, &c., *via* Southampton.

PRIVATE SHIP LETTERS.—The *Albert, Edith, Swift*, or *Leona* from Hull for Rotterdam; the *Seahorse* or *European* from Hull for Amsterdam; the *Hanze, Sulten, Flamingo*, or *Wide Town* from Hull for Hamburg; the *Juno* or *Tasso* from Hull for Bergen, Stavanger, and Drontheim; — from Grangemouth for Tonsberg and Christiania; — from Southampton for Havre; — from Southampton for St. Malo.

[Letters intended to be sent by private ship must be specially addressed "By Private Ship," and if by a particular ship its name must be added.]

Mr. J. Comyns Carr announces matinées of "Sowing the Wind," at the Comedy Theatre, on Saturday, October 14, and every Saturday at 2.30.

CITY NOTES.

LOOKING MATTERS FAIRLY IN THE FACE.

There is one question which arises out of the proposal of the directors of the Agra Bank to boldly take the bull by the horns and write down their capital. That decision, we are glad to see, has met with a good deal of praise. As the *Financial News*, for instance, points out to-day, the course is a wise and proper one. The proposal is to reduce the capital of the bank from £1,000,000 to £600,000, making the £10 fully-paid shares stand at £6 fully paid. The capital, being entirely in silver, has, of course, shrunk *pari passu* with the cruel fall that has taken place in the white metal. When the Agra Bank was reconstructed, in 1866, on the limited liability principle, after the suspension which resulted from the disastrous collapse of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the average price of silver was a fraction over 60*d.* per ounce, and the rupee was worth 2*s.*; now silver is at 34½*d.* and the rupee is worth 1*s.* 3*d.* Here, in a nutshell, is the explanation of the position in which an Eastern bank, necessarily working with a silver capital, finds itself. But the question which arises from this decision at which the directors have arrived is a somewhat disconcerting one. It is this: If the Agra Bank finds it necessary, solely because of the depreciation of silver, to take the drastic measure it proposes, what about the many other institutions which, carrying on an exactly similar class of business, must find themselves in similar circumstances?

TO-DAY'S NEW ISSUE.

From grave to gay—that is the step we have taken in the new issue market. A day or two ago we were being offered some millions of colonial loans—Victoria, New South Wales—upon whose reception, more or less, the credit of our colonies depended. To-day we are offered some £80,000 of a circus loan, upon whose reception, perhaps, hangs the pleasant entertainment of our children at Christmas time—the revivification of historic Heagler's from dust and darkness. It is quite refreshing to change the venue of the new issue market from land revenues specially earmarked, promises of budget balances, and allegations of underhand syndicates, to such matters as trained horses and ponies, costumes, carriages, scenery, plant, machinery, and theatrical effects. Herr Edward Wulff requires £50,000 for his stock of these, and for goodwill, &c.—£10,000 in shares, £30,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or shares, or partly in each, at the option of the directors—and the new company has been formed with a capital of £55,000, divided into 27,500 eight per cent. cumulative preference shares and 27,500 ordinary shares of 40 each for the purpose of acquiring them, Herr Wulff remaining manager of the business.

AMERICAN FREE SHIPS.

We touched the other day on the inability of the United States to build its own iron ships. It occurs to one naturally to ask in such a contingency as this why the country does not purchase iron vessels from European makers, and so enable its shipowners to be abreast of the most modern developments. As a matter of fact, Americans by the existing law are not permitted to do this, and it is to remove the foolish obstacle opposed by an effete institution that Mr. Fithian, an energetic representative from Illinois, and chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, proposes to reintroduce his Free Ships Bill, the purpose of which is, in the words of the measure itself, to enable "any citizen or citizens of the United States to purchase the whole of any steam or sail vessel, no matter where such vessel may have been built, whether within the United States or in a foreign country, or whether such vessel may have been owned in whole or in part by an alien or aliens." Special provision is made in the proposed bill for the protection of the American coasting trade by expressly excluding from participation in it all vessels purchased outside the States. The only active opposition is likely to come from representatives of districts along the Canadian border whose immediate interests would be touched. It is to be noted, too, that the gentleman who procured the passing of the last subsidy is opposed to the measure. If passed, the bill would mean a rush of orders to the Clyde shipbuilding yards, though whether it would be worth while exchanging a temporary briskness in one department of our iron industry for a permanent rivalry in our shipping trade is doubtful, bearing in mind the injury done by first-class American wooden ships prior to what we may call the iron age.

A MATTER FOR ENGLISH SHIPOWNERS.

In connection with this subject of shipping in America the condition of the wheat freight market at San Francisco is one that deserves the attention of English shipowners just now, in view of the doubt as to whether the sail tonnage in the harbour and to arrive is sufficient to carry away the surplus wheat from the port. Until quite recently there was a glut of English ships at San Francisco, and freights were so phenomenally dull that out of 134 vessels cleared during the eight months ended August only eighteen received more than 25*s.*, while fully 57 per cent. of the total number were glad to get 20*s.* With all this many ships were unable to obtain any charter at all, and were forced to lie idle or to go to Tacoma for timber cargoes or liquige for nitrate. Since September 1 matters have gone up fully 50 per cent., and 30*s.* has been freely paid. During the eight months specified only one vessel was able to command this price. The change that has taken place since then is shown by the figures of the tonnage in port. On January 1 this stood at 26,400 engaged and 139,300 free. On September 13 the tonnage in the port was 77,000, and of this 69,100 was engaged and only 7,900 free. Much of the latter was in the shape of small wooden ships, and therefore hardly available for grain cargoes, hence the rise in freights. The present offers an unusually favourable opportunity therefore for any shipowner who has vessels within reasonably easy reach of San Francisco to retrieve his misfortunes of the past two years. There is a fair amount of good tonnage due—33,000 tons immediately, 53,200 tons before the end of this month, and 86,200 tons by the end of November; but this is not too much for the season's business.

The premium on gold at Buenos Ayres is 248 per cent.

Silver bars stand at 34⅛*d.* for immediate delivery, and dollars at 33¾*d.*

The Austrian Budget for 1893-94 shows a surplus of £8,000 over the estimated expenditure.

The Reading Company has, it is said, just been refused an extension of the loan recently made by Messrs. Speyer.

LATEST DIVIDEND ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The following are the latest dividend declarations compared in each case with the corresponding announcement made at this time last year:—

	Present.	Last Year.
Empire Palace	1s. 6d. per share (10s. paid), 4s. 6d. per share (fully paid), 5% per share.	1s. 6d. per share. 4s. 6d. per share.
Mills, Day Down	5 per cent. per annum.	
Mercantile Bank of India, Pref. Sh.	1½ per cent. per annum.	1½ per cent. per annum.
Great Northern of Minnesota	20 per cent. per annum.	
Barney Steel Company	Div. 2 p.c. and bonus 5 p.c.	
African Gold Recovery	8 per cent. per annum.	
West Pension Mining	Old Sou. 15% p.c. per an.	4 per cent. per annum.
Comete Gold	New South 15% p.c. per an.	10 per cent. per annum.
	Ordinary £2 per share.	£2 per share.
Clarke, Cammell and Co.	10s. per share.	10s. per share.
A. S. & B.	30,950	31,100

TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.—To-days announcements of traffic receipts are as follows: In the cases where full particulars have been received the week's receipts and the aggregate for the current half-year are compared with the corresponding; e. of last year:—

	Last Week.	*Inc. or Dec.*	*Aggregate.*	*Inc. or Dec.*
London, Brighton, & S.C. Railway	£ 76,563	—£3,500	£1,141,000	—£35,000
South Eastern	39,350	—1,700	649,220	—20,618
City and South London	795	+9	10,449	+434
Cons. ex Trans and Omnibus	3,000	+945	33,496	+7,500
Edinburgh and Trams	2,018	—87	30,950	+1,100

Railways.—Pirœus, &c. (July-August) 70,689 dr. *decrease*; Grand Trunk, 2,355 dols. *increase*; Chicago Trunk, 17,168 dols. *increase*; Detroit, 751 dols. *decrease*: total, 18,772 dols. *increase*; Mexican, £1,100 *increase*.

decrease: total, 18,772 dols. *increase*; Mexican, £1,100 *increase*.
Trams, &c.—North Metropolitan, 234 *decrease*; Calcutta, 125 *decrease*; West Brazilian Telegraph, 3,314 *gross*; Sheffield, £79 *decrease*; Calais, £33 *increase*; Imperial, £10 *increase*; Sunderland, £20 *decrease*; Swansea, £18 *increase*.

LATEST REDRUTH PRICES.—The following are the latest prices announced from Redruth to-day: Blue Hills, ⅛, ¼; Carn Brea, 16, ½; Cook's Kitchen, 1⅛, ⅝; Dolcoath, 87½, 8; East Pool, 10½, 11; Killifreth, 2½, 3; Phœnix, 3s., 5s.; South Condurrow, 8s., 10s.; South Croity, 2½., 3l.s.; Tincroft, 13⅛, 14; Wheal Basset 2⅜ 3¼; Wheal Kitty, 6½, 7; Wheal Agar, 5¼, ⅝; Wheal Basset 2⅜ 3¼; Wheal Friendly, ⅝, ¾; Wheal Grenville 16½, 17; Wheal Kitty, 8s. 10s.

TO-MORROW'S BUSINESS ENGAGEMENTS.

Brit. Maritime Mort. Trust Cannon-street Hotel, 12
H. Spicer and Co. ..... Farringdon-street, 1
Mr. McEwan and Co. ..... Cannon-street Hotel, 3
Odams Manure and Chem. 116, Fenchurch-st., 12
Petroleum Engine..... 23, Queen Victoria-st, 12
S. American and Mexican Investment Assoc. ..... Winchester House, 3
Waihi Gold Mining ..... 11, Abchurch-lane, 2.30

MONEY AND STOCKS, *Twelve o'clock.*

MARKETS AS DULL AND FEATURELESS AS EVER.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Money is in quiet demand and plentiful supply, and, consequently, rates continue to move downward both in the loan and discount markets. It is true the tendency is for gold to be taken for export, but it is a very weak tendency, and since the last Bank return not much more than a quarter of a million sterling has been shipped. The continued ease in the Money Market would, of course, be satisfactory were it not the effect to so considerable an extent of dulness in business in this country and elsewhere

The following are the latest loan and discount rates, the Bank rate standing at 3½ per cent.:—

	Loans.	Deposits.	Two Months.	Three Months.	Four Months.	Six Months.
Day ...	Banks	2	Fine Bills	1⅞	2	2
7 Day	Discounts	1¾	Trade Bills	2	2	2

THE STOCK MARKETS.

Next Contango Day.	*Next Day.*	*Last Day for Options.*	*Consols Pay Day.*
Wednesday, Oct. 11.	Thursday, Oct. 12.	Friday, Oct. 13.	Wednesday, Oct. 4.

High class securities have been in fairly good demand to-day. Consols are up, and Corporation securities have been in rather more request than usual, but in Colonial stocks there has not been much business. In the Home Railway department there has been next to nothing doing. Argentines among the foreigners still continue firm, and Brazilians have also improved, so that the market takes a better view of the present phase of South American political troubles. The Mexican market has been irregular, the number of stocks that have fallen is much larger than the number that have advanced. In every case, however, the movement is only fractional. Mexican Second Preference—Mackusickans—have risen yet another point to-day, so that the crash when it does come will be by that much the heavier. The present is a good opportunity for sellers. Amongst the miscellaneous securities the Barney Forges are worthy of record. The weakness of brewery shares, both Allsopp and Guinness having lost some of their recent rise.

The following shows the latest Stock Exchange quotations, the rise (+) or fall (–) which has taken place to-day, and the approximate return per cent. yielded annually by each security purchased by an investor at its present price:—

Yield		M'vmt Yesterday.	M'vmt Today.	Price.
£ s.	BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			
2 15	Consols (Money)			98
2 15	Do. Account	–⅛		98⅛
2 16	New 2½ per Cents			98⅛
2 16	India 3½ per Cents			98⅛
3 9	India 3 per Cents			89
3 19	Do. 2½ per Cents			70
3 19	Do. 5 per Cent. Rs.	–⅛		103
3 18	Do. 4 per Cent.			100
3 18	Do. 4 per Cent.			100
3 18	Do. 4 per Cent.			100

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

INTERNATIONAL BILLIARDS.

ROBERTS DOUBLES IVES' SCORE IN THE FIRST STAGE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

(PER THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.)

NEW YORK, Monday Night.—Lovers of billiards had to-night their first opportunity of seeing English billiards played in first-class style in the metropolis. Frank C. Ives, the young American who vanquished both Jacob Schaefer and George F. Slosson, the foremost exponents of the French carom game, met John Roberts, the champion of the English game, in the Lenox Lyceum here in a match on an English pocket table.

Ives had beaten Roberts, both in London and in Chicago, at the English game modified, and it was therefore the third meeting of the two stars. In London Ives had surprised the English public by his exquisite skill at nursing the balls, and when they were nearly "jawed" in a corner pocket he broke all records by a prolonged run. He beat Roberts in Chicago when the "jaw" nurse was barred by the drawing of a line across the pockets that cut off a sort of triangular baulk space marking off seven inches of the rail at the corners.

The present match is made because the Englishman still believes he can defeat the American. It was the intention to play 800 points in the afternoon, but a slab of the table was broken in transit, and the champions of America and England did not cross cues until this evening. One thousand persons were in Lenox Lyceum when play began, with William Sexton officiating as referee.

The play in the first night's play was in favour of Roberts, who beat his opponent by a score of 1,001 to 542. The features of Roberts's game were his brilliant hazard play and his amazing skill at long follows. Ives was unable to hold the rail, and he blamed his ill-success at one time on the crack in the bed of the table. He used the massé stroke to execute several beautiful hazards. The prettiest part of his play throughout the evening was his cushion carom work—some of these shots exciting loud applause. They won even the impassive Englishman's admiration. By the way, Mrs. Roberts was an interested spectator.

Ives made but one three-figure run—in the thirty-ninth innings—a break of 109. Roberts, on the other hand, made one break of 106, and followed it later by one of 191. He made several double-figure breaks.

While making the break of 191, Roberts used the long cue, an act which would have created no attention, of course, among Englishmen, but which filled the New Yorkers with absolute amazement. They had never seen any such implement before. There was laughter and applause as he made a carom with it. The manner in which Roberts slowed the cue ball—a stroke which is much admired in America—aroused hearty applause. He combined the hazard and carom shots in a surprising fashion several times during the game, and this, too, won the plaudits of the spectators.

George Slosson was an admiring observer of these fine displays.

The betting was very light, New Yorkers being unfamiliar with the game as yet. The interest evinced when the game was half through shows, however, that before the week is over speculation may be very brisk.

At the conclusion of to-night's game there was ample evidence afforded that the admirable bearing of the English champion had made him a great favourite. Present score:—

Roberts: 1, 30, 8, 4, 2, 57, 16, 0, 0, 2, 23, 46, 109, 5, 54, 5, 21, 31, 35, 0, 0, 191, 4, 44, 0, 0, 11, 26, 42, 32, 7, 5, 21, 0, 11, 8, 33, 0, 0, 16, 65, 37; total, 1,001.

Ives: 0, 7, 16, 8, 0, 14, 6, 0, 0, 16, 3, 17, 22, 0, 73, 19, 0, 0, 2, 5, 20, 7, 22, 10, 13, 6, 21, 0, 7, 19, 7, 4, 4, 23, 4, 0, 0, 10, 109, 11, 17; total, 542.

The game will be resumed to-morrow afternoon.

NOTES FROM CLUB AND COURSE.

The Nottingham Handicap once more resulted in the discomfiture of the talent. Few thought Dornroschen was in it, considering she had to give so much weight away, but just as Haymaker and Fatherless appeared to have the race to themselves, she challenged in the last furlong, and heading both won cleverly by a neck from John Morgan, who had three-parts of a length the better of Haymaker, he in turn just outstaying Fatherless, who was placed fourth by the judge.

Dornroschen, the winner of the Nottingham Handicap yesterday, is engaged in the Hurst Park Club Cup on Thursday, for which she is penalized 9 lb., making her actual weight 8 st. 2 lb. The filly also holds a liability in the Old Newton Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, a 10 lb. penalty increasing her impost to 7 st. 8 lb.

Buccaneer leaves Newmarket for France to-morrow to fulfil his engagement in the Prix de Consul Municipal at Paris. His new owner, Mr. Waring, has great faith in the abilities of the son of Privateer, whose present form certainly does not look any the worse for yesterday's victory of Dornroschen, seeing that he easily beat her in a trial on Friday.

The Smew was beaten easily in a mile gallop at Newmarket by Fatherless, who could only finish fourth in the Nottingham Handicap yesterday. Still, the mare runs in the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, and Bradford will have the mount.

An intense anxiety to keep all true information from the public causes trainers of racehorses to try and confuse the touts. In the trial gallops, therefore, many horses are put in as mere blinds. But the result is often no less misleading to the stables than to the casual looker-on. Yet, in a test gallop for such a race as the Cesarewitch, the class requisite in a winner at any weight defies the successful getting up of a delusive trial, just as rough gallops for such a race even in the preparation only soon expose bad or even slightly unsound horses.

In the Cesarewitch Buccaneer is weighted at 9 st. 3 lb. and Prisoner 6 st. 11 lb. Now, in the Doncaster Cup at 10 lb. Prisoner beat Lady Rosebery in a canter, that is with a stone in hand, and this week Lady Rosebery gives a line in the Prix Municipal for Buccaneer. In all probability Lady Rosebery was at her best when beaten for the Doncaster Cup, which goes to say that Prisoner holds his ground legitimately in the market.

The weather gives welcome promise of heavy going—cheerful news for supporters of Red Eyes, who should account for the field were the Cesarewitch run on the day of the first fall in the swampy condition seen when Ragimunde carried the spoils two years ago to Alaison. Lady North Newcourt and Self Sacrifice are doing a very strong and even preparation, indeed, unto the confusing of all inquirers, they do just the same work and gallop in a pack together daily, and again they oscillate in the market in perplexing fashion.

The result of the race alone will reveal the true worth of Theobald, for his public form through Barrow is not susceptible of measurement. At her best Madame d'Albany is equal to Lady Rosebery, and probably a better stayer. Athel, Brandy, Golden Drop, Ancajano, Mervyn, Ralph Neville, and Roy Neil go very badly on the training grounds, and may be accounted harmless as regards Cesarewitch chances.

Experience shows that form as shown by selling platers is next after that of the very best-class horses, the most reliable. Horses, it would seem, are in selling plates more freely ridden out, more freely and generally backed, and, last but not least, are more obliged to go straight for victory than in races not loaded with selling conditions. A horse worth easing up in such a race is almost certain to be claimed and lost. Thus owners are compelled to give riding-out orders in selling races.

Two football matches in the Football League competitions were decided yesterday. In the first division game Sheffield United assume the lead, their success over Aston Villa by three goals to love placing them one point in front of West Bromwich Albion. In the second division, Burton Swifts, at home, defeated Derwich Victoria (who have not yet secured winning brackets), by six goals to two.

When James Ross, of the Preston North End football team, returned to Preston on Saturday night, after playing against Bolton Wanderers, he went to a doctor, and it was then discovered that his collar-bone was broken. The limb is now in bandages, and the doctor states it will be six weeks before he can play again. Curiously enough Ross was under the impression that something of the sort had happened to him during the game, but as he subsequently scored a goal not much attention was paid at the time to his statement.

A circular letter has been sent out to the captains of the Association football teams in the first division of the League by W. C. Rose, the Wolverhampton goalkeeper, suggesting a union of football players. He thinks it is time that the professionals were combined.

The announcement that over 9,000 people were present at the cricket match played in Philadelphia between the Australian and American elevens reads strangely to one familiar with the history of the beginning of cricket in America. Twenty-five years ago, when a man from the West or a never-stand-still New York merchant wished to say something peculiarly disagreeable about Philadelphia, something to show how dull, sleepy, and behind the times its people were, he would observe: "Why, they actually play cricket, and fool themselves with the notion it is some sort of a game."

An English family—Newhall by name—with a fine home in the suburbs of Philadelphia, began by playing cricket on their own lawn; gradually neighbours joined them; later a club was organized, and to-day the Quaker City boasts three magnificent cricket clubs, each with a fine ground, a large active and a larger still contributive membership. As a fashionable pastime cricket has elbowed baseball out of the running, and from Philadelphia it has come down upon other American cities, winning friends and popularity with the better class of people everywhere.

The boxing season was inaugurated last evening at the National Sporting Club with a glove contest between Jack Burdett, of Warwick, and Tilley, of London, for the middle weight championship, at 8st. 12 lb. for a purse of £100 and a bet of a similar amount. The provincial man generally had the best of the exchanges, but Tilley gave him a deal of trouble at the start. After the fourth round, however, the issue was hardly ever in doubt, for Fitzpatrick, on whom odds of 11 to 10 were laid, proved much too strong for his having, and the referee (Mr. Anderson) finding Tilley had no chance, stopped the contest in the tenth round and awarded the verdict to Fitzpatrick.

The English engine "Empress," now on exhibition at Chicago, will race the famous engine No. 999 of the New York Central Railway Company ten miles for a 1,000 dol. purse. It is thought that possibly one of the "flyers" among the Pennsylvania Central's engines may compete.

The appearance of the famous swimmers Nuttall, of Stalybridge, and John H. Tyers, of Manchester, at the annual gala of the Glasgow West of Scotland Club at Woodside Baths, Glasgow, last night, attracted a great crowd. The race announced to take place between Tyers, as representing England, and Geo. Thomson, champion of Scotland, in the Hundred Yards Match for a piece of plate, was considered the tit-bit of the evening, although the Five Hundred Yards Scottish Championship was also on the programme. In addition a number of open events for amateurs, including diving displays given by lady and gentlemen amateurs. In the Hundred Yards Race between Thomson and Tyers the former led for half the distance. Tyers then took first place and won by half a yard in 1 min. 5 2-5 sec. "Joey" Nuttall swam 220 yards in 2 min. 42 sec. and 440 yards in 5 min. 51 sec. Tyers covered the 500 yards in 6 min. 8 sec., being 12 sec. worse than his performance in London on Saturday last.

After the life-saving competition at the Excelsior Baths some of the north-country swimmers present were confident from what they saw of the competition that the Nottingham team had defeated the Ravensbourne, and the contrary announcement of the judge's opinion was a great surprise to them. But the victory of the Ravensbourne team was very popular. The Nottingham captain, Mr. J. H. Herbert, had won a very much like race years ago. It should be added that perhaps no man in England had done more for swimming and life-saving generally than Mr. Herbert. Purely as a labour of love, he has been engaged for years in teaching the schoolboys of Nottingham the art of natation, and there are hundreds of youths in the "knee capital" who owe a good knowledge of swimming and life-saving to his efforts during his many years' playtime. The writer had learned from Mr. Herbert that he thought it was rather hard lines on his team that the society should have altered the rules of the water drill to the effect that speed in getting the supposed drowning man to the side of the bath should not count.

"I do think," added Mr. Herbert, "we should have had something to say in the selection of the judges. I did not know who the judges were to be, but I do think, seeing that we were playing against a London team, we should have had at least one judge who could be free from the suspicion of having London sympathies."

Originally celebrated on account of its salmon rivers, Norway has become a favourite country wherein the wandering Englishman may indulge in various other forms of sport; and as in many districts two or three of these may be enjoyed from the same headquarters, a couple of months commencing, say, in the middle of August may be spent advantageously in Norway in pursuit of game, large and small, and in angling both other than salmon and a considerably less expenditure of kroners. Here, in connection with salmon fishing, it may not be in *apropos* to remark that, among the many interesting outcomes of the case of Beyer *v.* Corbett, recently decided in favour of the defendant, the Norwegian courts, as a sort of basis has been furnished as regards the rent of Norwegian salmon rivers, and the sport which may be anticipated as an equivalent. In the opinion of the plaintiff in the action, Mr. Beyer, the Bergen agent, a lessee of water should consider that he has had full market value for his money if his fish stand him (as regards the sport) at about 2s. a-piece. This is a way of putting it, which savours somewhat of the fishmonger, but, in other words, he thinks that two rods did very well indeed, when for a rental of £60 they killed, in thirty-two days, fishing on the stretch of the Evanger river, which he let to them, 635 lb. of salmon, grilse, and sea-trout, that is, an average of 30 lb. a day among the party. Although quite satisfied with moderate sport, and fully aware that opinions on such a subject must of necessity differ considerably, we confess that this statement gave us a shock. We have fished, says the *Field*, for a good many years in Norway on a good many different rivers, during seasons favourable and seasons unfavourable, but never did quite so paltry an affair as that. We can, without effort, recall periods where for weeks together, and for a rod, the sum has been £60, we have averaged, to our own rod, at least 50 lb. a day. The happy times are gone, we fear, never to return; but, although salmon fishing in Norway is certainly not what it used to be, we do not think that it is a wise thing to give expression to views which will mislead anglers with modest ideas of sport, and certainly those with modest purses, will think twice before attempting to rent a piece of water in Norway, when such a very poor return for their money and trouble in getting there may be anticipated. To return, however, to autumn sport. Except on a few rivers on the south-west coast salmon fishing is practically over by August 15, when the ryper shooting commences in many parts of the country, and there is nothing to be gained by remaining on the banks of the rapidly dwindling streams. The sportsman who is not homeward bound must then betake himself to the forest or the field, and a very delightful time he will have of it, if he has his neighbourhood with knowledge and judgment. In certain districts he will find excellent trout and grayling fishing with bird shooting, winding up with a turn later on in the season at the mighty elk.

Mr. C. Bingham Newland writes concerning the food of salmon:—Once past the smolt stage, the sea becomes his feeding grounds, and when there he probably never rests, but is always on the cruise, and I would here suggest that the food of small fish, which in the sea is pelagic, or living in the open, is the staple supply—dense masses into which he charges, taking in hundreds at a gulp, and returning again and again. This kind of nourishment one can understand is easily digested, and may account for the extraordinary rapid growth of the fish. At the same time there is no reason to suppose that he does not tackle large fish after the manner of the pike; on the contrary, there is an account in the *Field* of a grilse being caught up a stream, a herring in his stomach (this, by the way, would rather tend to disprove the suction theory). When first running up a river, there is no doubt a salmon is more inclined to take a tempting-looking bait than at any other time, merely from force of habit; but as time goes on his instincts and habits totally change. The water is low—there he lies motionless and sullen, sometimes for weeks. Then comes a fresh in the river; this rouses him—he has yet to run many miles higher up ere he reaches his own particular redds, possibly the very one on which he was bred. Being now wide awake and on the move, he is attracted by some odd and unusual object, perhaps a spinning apparatus; at each and all of these he will sometimes make a grab from sheer curiosity. Mark how the fly has to be changed—larger, smaller, of different colour, to entice him in order to induce him to rise again; his curiosity is great, but his appetite is very small. Now see one to the worm, the despised worm, and yet it is really the only natural bait on which to fished in a most unnatural way—namely, three or four strung together! Again his lordship's curiosity is excited; he smells it, tastes it, finds it palatable, and swallows it—lot—hook and all. This, however, is sufficient to prove that on occasion if an uncurbed worm chanced to be washed over his nose he might take it; but he will not have it long, and he will be pursue and catch a lively trout or parr. . . . As a matter of fact, the river does not exist in this country, and still less in Norway, that has a supply of food sufficient and suitable to maintain a number of large fish such as salmon. While in the sea, Salmo salar increases daily in size and weight; but from the day he arrives in fresh water he deteriorates and loses weight, simply because, in my opinion, he is like the hibernating bear—existing on his own fat. I also have examined many salmon, and found nothing in the intestines. The stomach is small and contracted—evidently not in working order; but I imagine that in the sea the organs present a very different aspect. I am aware that many of my readers will not agree with the views I have ventured upon here; but, at the same time, I feel confident there are some who will do so. In short, my theory is this, that when in fresh water salmon practically do not feed.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily away from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS, FORWARDED TO ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or FIVE SHILLINGS PER QUARTER TO ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN AMERICA.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday Night.—The resumption to-day of the match between the Australian cricketers and the Philadelphia eleven was again favoured by splendid weather, bright and hot sunshine prevailing almost throughout the day. The attendance of spectators at starting numbered 1,500, increasing to 4,000 after lunch. The wicket was inclined to crumble, and thereby aided the bowlers. The fielding of the Americans was splendid, not a chance being missed. The Australians, who on Saturday lost four wickets for 125 in their first innings, and thus still required 400 runs to tie with the Philadelphians, resumed batting with Giffen (not out 62) and Graham (not out 17). Giffen was soon dismissed without adding a run, and the innings closed for 198. The Australians were thus compelled to follow on, and when the lunch interval arrived matters looked more promising for the Colonials than was the case in their first innings. Lyons having contributed 30 and Bannerman (third man in) being not out for the same number.

After the interval Bannerman and Trott gave a splendid exhibition of batting, the pair remaining together until Trott succumbed to a catch after having contributed 58 runs, while Bannerman carried out his bat for a total of 79. He was loudly cheered as he left the field. Of the others, Gregory and Cunningham alone reached double figures, and the innings closed for 258, the home team thus securing the victory by an innings and 68 runs. The following is the complete score:—

PHILADELPHIA.—First Innings.

G. S. Patterson	56	Muir	9
R. D. Brown	23	H. Brown, not out	9
W. Scott	0	Ralston	47
Wood	4	King	35
Bohlen	118	Extras	37
Noble	77		
Coates	15	Total	525

AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

J. J. Lyons	12	H. Trumble	1
A. Bannerman	79	W. Giffen, not out	13
G. H. S. Trott	0	A. Coningham	9
W. Bruce	11	J. Blackham	22
G. Giffen	62	Extras	11
A. Graham	25		
S. Gregory	12	Total	199

Second Innings.

J. J. Lyons	30	H. Trumble	0
G. Giffen	1	W. Giffen	2
A. Bannerman, not out	79	A. Coningham	30
G. Trott	58	J. Blackham	6
W. Bruce	0	Extras	13
H. Graham	2		
S. Gregory	32	Total	253

CYCLING NOTES.

One of the suggested remedies for the loafing tactics which were so prevalent in scratch cycling races was the placing of a time limit upon the event, varying according to the conditions of weather and track prevailing at the time. The suggestion was never carried out, the introduction of pacemakers serving the same end. In America they frequently fix a time limit upon a class race, but the system is the reverse of popular, and is continually giving rise to wordy wars between the competitors and the judges. W. Windle, one of America's fastest sons, will never mount a second time in a "no-race" contest in which the time limit has been exceeded, even when he wins the "cancelled" race, and could as easily win again at a faster pace. The placing of a time limit undoubtedly obviates crawling, but it also nullifies the fine judgment and "head-work" necessary to win in first-class company. The men contend that, as long as they ride all their natives, provided they are fair and above board, should not be fettered by restrictions of time.

Mr. Raymond, the chairman of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen—equivalent to our Records Committee, National Cyclists Union—recently placed a time limit of 2.40 on a 2.30 class race, that is, a race open to riders who had not previously shown better time than 2½ min. for one mile. The race formed part of the Springfield programme on Sept. 15, and it was won in 2 min. 42 3-5 sec.; but chairman Raymond declared it no race, the time limit having been exceeded by 2 3-5 sec. We are told that his decision "evoked a storm of indignation, and he was roundly hissed by the spectators." He declined to alter his decision, however, and would not allow the race to be re-run.

The Melbourne Bicycle Club is endeavouring to induce A. A. Zimmerman or some other of the American flyers to visit Australia in December and compete in the great Austral Wheel Race, the first prize in which is value £200. The racing season in America has been an exceptionally severe one, and it is doubtful whether any of the crack wheelmen will make the journey even for a chance of such a tempting prize. The race is considered the most important of the Australian season, and has been won on one occasion by an English racing visitor—W. Brown, late of the Brixton Ramblers Bicycle Club.

ARMY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

At a committee meeting of the Army Football Association, which has been held at the Wellington Barracks, St. James's Park, the draw for the first round of ties in the Cup competition was made. The entries number thirty-two, against forty-seven made last year, but only one cavalry team appears in the list:—

HOME DISTRICT.—1st Grenadier Guards *v.* 3rd Grenadier Guards; 2nd Scots Guards, a bye; 1st Scots Guards *v.* 1st Coldstream Guards; 2nd Coldstream Guards *v.* 8th Hussars.

ALDERSHOT DISTRICT.—1st Highland Light Infantry *v.* 1st West Yorks; 1st Lincoln Regiment *v.* 1st Northumberland Fusiliers; 2nd Cheshire Regiment *v.* 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment; Army Service Corps *v.* 1st Lancashire Regiment.

SCOTTISH DISTRICT.—1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders *v.* 2nd Battalion Black Watch.

NORTHERN DISTRICT.—2nd King's Liverpool Regiment *v.* 1st Royal Scots.

EASTERN DISTRICT.—2nd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment *v.* Royal Artillery, Shoeburyness; Royal Artillery, Yarmouth *v.* 1st Sherwood Foresters.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.—2nd Hampshire Regiment *v.* Royal Artillery, Fareham; Royal Marine Light Infantry *v.* Cameronians; Royal Artillery, Gosport *v.* 1st King's Royal Rifles; 4th King's Royal Rifles *v.* 2nd North Staffordshire Regiment.

SOUTH-EASTERN DISTRICT.—Royal Artillery, Devonport *v.* Royal Marine Light Infantry, Plymouth; 1st Yorkshire Regiment *v.* 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers; 2nd Beds Regiment, a bye.

SOUTH-EASTERN DISTRICT.—Training Batt. Royal Engineers (Chatham) *v.* 2nd Leicestershire Regiment; Royal Scots Fusiliers *v.* 1st Inniskillen Fusiliers.

DUBLIN AND CURRAGH DISTRICT.—2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall L.I. *v.* 2nd Gordon Highlanders; 2nd Worcester Regiment *v.* 2nd Rifle Brigade; 2nd Grenadiers, a bye.

SOUTH IRISH DISTRICT.—2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers *v.* 1st Manchester Regiment; 1st South Lancashire Regiment *v.* Royal Artillery, Cork Harbour; 1st Oxfordshire L.I., a bye.

NORTH IRISH DISTRICT.—1st Yorkshire L.I. *v.* 2nd Royal West Kent (holders).

The first-named team in each case to have choice of ground. All ties to be played off on or before October 28. The second round will be drawn for on October 30. The attention of secretaries was particularly drawn to Rule 8, which stipulates that an extra half-hour must be played in the event of a drawn game resulting. It was stipulated that no ties in the Army Cup Competition be played between November 25, 1893, and January 14, 1894 inclusive.

Teams have to provide their own linesmen, together with proper flags.

RACING FIXTURES.

OCTOBER.

Paris	8, 15	Gatwick	17, 18
Nottingham	3	Newcastle	17, 18
Hurst Park	4, 5	Curragh	17–19
Kilkenny	4	Thirsk	19, 20
Hamilton Park	5, 6	Sandown Park	19, 20
Kempton Park	6, 7	Chantilly	19, 22, 24, 28, 27
Newmarket Second October	10–13	Newmarket Houghton	24–29
Limerick	11, 12	Worcester	24, 25
Alexandra Park	14	Lincoln	31—Nov. 1

Mr. Pope's Patrick Blue, the greyhound which ran into the last four of the Waterloo Cup last season, has dislocated one of his toes. The injury has been attended to, but it will be three weeks at least before he can run again.

A splendid sixteen-pointer stag has been shot in Affaric Forest, by Mr. A. W. Merry, and Mr. Ogilvy Dalgleish bagged an unusually heavy stag in Coulin Forest, which scaled 21 st 7 lb clean. At Invermark the Earl of Dudley and party had 155 brace of grouse in a short day's driving. At Meallmore, Inverness-shire, Mr. Allhusen and eight other guns had close on 600 brace in four days; at Glenbucket Mr. Percy Hargreaves and seven guns had 302 brace in the week; at Wemmergill, in Yorkshire, Lord Westbury and party have had extraordinary good sport, and their bag may be counted by thousands. At Monreith, in Wigtonshire, Mr. Stock and three guns had 188½ brace of partridges in two days. Sir Walter Gilbey, at Elsenham, in Essex, had 150 brace of birds in one day to four guns.

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A WORKGIRL

By GEORGE MOORE.

CHAPTER II.

Esther was in John's room, in the sneak's room. No one was about. She would have cut off one of her fingers for the coin. That half-crown meant pleasure and a happiness so tender and seductive that she closed her eyes for a moment. The half-crown she held between fore-finger and thumb presented a ready solution of the besetting difficulty. Should she take it? But though she threw out the insidious temptation—it came quickly upon her again. If she did not take the half-crown she would not be able to go to Peckham on Sunday. She could replace the money where she found it when she was paid her wages. No one knew it was there, it had evidently rolled there and having tumbled between the carpet and the wall had not been discovered. It had probably lain there for months, perhaps it was utterly forgotten. Besides she need not take it now. It would be quite safe if she put it back in its place; on Sunday afternoon she would take it, and if she changed it at once —— It was not marked. She examined it all over. No, it was not marked. Then the desire paused, and she wondered how she, an honest girl, who had never harboured a dishonest thought in her life before, could desire to steal; a bitter feeling of shame came upon her.

It was a case of flying from temptation, and she left the room so hurriedly that John, who was spying in the passage had not time either to slip downstairs, or to hide in his brother's room. They met face to face.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir, but I found this half-crown in your room."

"Well, there's nothing wonderful in that. What are you so agitated about? I suppose you intended to return it to me."

"Intended to return it! Of course." Esther stopped. An expression of hate and contempt leaped into her handsome grey eyes, and like a dog's, the red lip turned down. She suddenly understood that this pasty-faced despicable chap had placed the coin where it might have accidentally rolled, where she would be likely to find it. He had complained that morning that she did not keep his room sufficiently clean! It was a carefully laid plan, he was watching her all the while and no doubt thought that it was his own indiscretion that had prevented her from falling into the snare. Without a word Esther dropped the half-crown at his feet and returned to her work; and all the time she remained in her present situation she persistently refused to speak to him; she brought him what he asked for, but never answered him, even with a Yes or No.

It was during the few minutes' rest after dinner that the burden of the day pressed heaviest upon her; then a painful weariness grew into her limbs, and it seemed impossible to summon strength and will to beat carpets or sweep down the stairs. But, if she were not moving about before the clock struck, Mrs. Bingley came down to the kitchen.

"Now, Esther, is there nothing for you to do?"

And again, about eight o'clock, she felt too tired to bear the weight of her own flesh. She had passed through fourteen hours of almost uninterrmittent toil, and it seemed to her that she would never be able to summon up sufficient courage to get through the last three hours. It was this last summit that taxed all her strength and all her will. Even the rest that awaited her at eleven o'clock was blighted by the knowledge of the day that was coming; and its cruel hours, long and lean and hollow-eyed, stared at her through the darkness. She was often too tired to rest, and rolled over and over in her miserable garret bed, her whole body aching. Toil crushed all that was human out of her. The sentimental sufferings in Norman's Inn were wholly forgotten, even her baby; which now she hardly ever saw, was growing indifferent to her. The burden it laid upon her was more than she could bear. If it were to die! She did not desire her baby's death, but she could not forget what the baby-farmer had told her; the burden would not become lighter, it would become heavier and heavier. What would become of her? Was there no hope? She buried her face in her pillow, seeking to escape from the passion of her despair. Why did she leave Norman's Inn? She was an unfortunate girl, and had missed all her chances.

In the six months she had spent in the house in Chelsea her nature had been strained to the uttermost, and what we call chance now came to decide the course of her destiny. The fight between circumstances and character had gone till now in favour of character, but circumstances must call up no further forces against character. A hair would turn the scale either way. One morning she was startled out of her sleep by a loud knocking at the door. It was Mrs. Bingley, who had come to ask her if she knew what time it was. It was nearly seven o'clock. But Mrs. Bingley could not blame her much, having herself forgotten to put on the electric bell. Esther hurried through her dressing, but in hurrying she happened to tread on her dress, tearing it right across. It was most unfortunate, and just when she was most in a hurry. She held up the torn skirt. It was a poor frayed and worn-out rag that would hardly bear mending again. She heard her mistress calling; there was nothing for it but to run down and tell her what had happened.

"Haven't you got another dress that you can put on?"

"No, ma'am."

"Really, I can't have you going to the door in that thing. You don't do credit to my house; you must get yourself a new dress at once."

Esther muttered that she had no money to buy one.

"Then I don't know what you do with your money."

"What I do with my wages is my affair; I've plenty of use for my money."

"I cannot allow any servant of mine to speak to me like that."

Esther did not answer, and Mrs. Bingley continued—

"It is my duty to know what you do with your money, and to see that you do not spend it in any wrong way. I am responsible for your moral welfare."

"Then, ma'am, I think I had better leave you."

"Leave me, because I don't wish you to spend your money wrongfully, because I know the temptations that a young girl's life is beset with?"

"There ain't much chance of temptation for them who work seventeen hours a day."

"Esther, you seem to forget——"

"No, ma'am; but there's no use talking about what I do with my money—there are other reasons; the place is too hard a one. I've felt it so for some time, ma'am. My health ain't equal to it."

Once she had spoken, Esther showed no disposition to retract, and she steadily resisted all Mrs. Bingley's solicitations to remain with her. She knew the risk she was running in leaving her situation, and yet she felt she must yield to an instinct like that which impels the hunted animal to leave the cover and seek safety in the open country. Her whole body cried out for rest, she must have rest; that was the thing that must be. Mrs. Lewis would keep her and her baby for twelve shillings a week; the present was the Christmas quarter, and she was richer by five-and-twenty shillings than she had been before. Mrs. Bingley had given her ten shillings, Mr. Herbert five, and the other ten had been contributed by the four young ladies. Out of this money she hoped to be able to buy a dress and a pair of boots as well as a fortnight's rest with Mrs. Lewis. She had determined on her plans some three weeks before her month's warning would expire, and henceforth the mountainous days of her servitude grew out interminably, seeming more than ever exhausting, and the longing in her heart to be free at times rose to her head, and her brain turned as if in delirium. Every time she sat down to a meal she remembered she was so many hours nearer to rest—a fortnight's rest, she could not afford more; but in her present slavery that fortnight seemed at once as a paradise and an eternity. Her only fear was that her health might give way, and that she would be laid up during the time she intended for rest. In this extreme bodily prostration her baby was lost sight of. Even a mother demands something in return for her love, and in the last year Jackie had taken much and given nothing. But when she opened Mrs. Lewis's door, he came running to her, calling her Mummie. And the immediate preference he showed for her, climbing on her knees instead of on Mrs. Lewis's, was a fresh sowing of love in the mother's heart.

They were in the midst of those few days of sunny weather which come in January, deluding us so with their brightness and warmth, that we look round for roses and are astonished to see the earth bare of flowers. And these bright afternoons Esther spent entirely with Jackie. At the top of the hill there was left through a narrow passage between a brick wall and a high paling. She had always to carry him through this passage, for the ground there was sloppy and dirty, and the child wanted to stop to watch the pigs through the chinks in the boards. But when they came to the smooth wide high roads overlooking the valley she put him down, and he would run on ahead, crying, "Tum for a walk, Mummie; tum along," and his little feet went so quickly beneath his frock that it seemed as if he were on wheels. She followed, oftentime forced to break into a run, tremulous lest he should fall. They descended the hill into the ornamental park, and spent happy hours amid geometrically designed flower beds and curving walks. She ventured with him as far as the old Dulwich village, and they strolled through the long street full of old fashion. Behind the street were low-lying, shiftless fields, intersected with broken hedges. Jackie called to his mother to carry him. She rejoiced in the labour of his weight; and when he grew too heavy she rested on the farm-gate, and looked into the vague lowlands. The chill of night awoke her from her dream, she clasped Jackie to her bosom, and turned towards home, very soon to lose herself again in another tide of happiness.

The evenings, too, were charming. When the candles were lighted, and tea was on the table, Esther sat with the dozing child on her knee, looking into the flickering fire, her mind a reverie, occasionally broken by the homely talk of her companion; and when the baby was laid in his cot, she took up her sewing—she was making herself a new dress; or else the great kettle was steaming on the hob, and the women stood over the washing tubs. On the following evening they worked on either side of the ironing table, the candle burning brightly, and their vague woman's chatter sounding upon the hush of the little cottage. A little after nine, they were in bed, and so the days went softly, like happy trivial dreams. It was not till the end of the third week that Mrs. Lewis would hear of Esther looking out for another place. And then Esther was surprised at her good fortune. A friend of Mrs. Lewis's knew a servant who was leaving her situation in the West-end of London, Esther got the address, and went next day after the place. She was fortunate enough to obtain it, and she lived nearly two years with her new mistress. But with a change of situations came a change of troubles. The worst Esther had to endure was occasioned by want of clothes, and she often thought that she would rather go back to the slavery of the house in Chelsea than bear the humiliation of going out any longer on Sunday in the rags that the servants had seen her in for eight or nine months or more. The under-housemaid would not walk to the top of the street with her because she looked so poor, and the young man who had asked her to go out with him had looked askance at her worn boots. She was made to feel that she was the lowest of the low—the servant of servants. She had to accept everybody's sneer and everybody's bad language, and oftentimes gross familiarity in order to avoid arguments and disputes which might endanger her situation. She had to shut her eyes to the thefts of cooks; she had to fetch them drink, and then to do their work when they were unable to do it themselves. But there was no help for it. She could not pick and choose where she would live, and any wages above £18 a year she must always accept, and put up with whatever inconvenience she might meet with.

Her's is an heroic adventure if one considers it: a mother's fight for the life of her child against all the forces that civilization arrays against the lowly and the illegitimate. She is in a situation to-day, but on what security does she hold it? She is strangely dependent on her own health, and still more upon the fortunes and the personal caprice of her employers. And in the case of her present employment Esther realized the perils of her life very acutely, and she trembled when an outcast mother at the corner of a street stretched out of her rags a brown hand and arm, asking alms for the sake of the little children. Three months out of a situation, and she too would be on the street as flower-seller, match-seller, or ——

It did not seem, however, that any of these fears were to be realized. Her luck still stood at set fair. For when the lady with whom she had been living in Curzon-street decided to live abroad she recommended Esther to a friend of hers who happened at that moment to be looking out for a kitchen-maid. Esther remained in this second situation more than a year; she might have remained in it many years had it not been for an accident. The young gentlemen were home for their summer holidays. She was going up to her room, and had stepped aside to let Master Harry pass her on the stairs. But he stood staring at her with a strange smile on his face.

"Look here, Esther, I'm awfully fond of you. You are the prettiest girl I've ever seen. Come for a walk with me next Sunday."

"Master Harry, I'm surprised at you, will you let me go by at once."

There was no one near, the house was silent, and the boy stood on the step above her. He tried to throw his arm round her waist, but she shook him off and went up to her room calm with indignation. A few days after she suddenly became aware that he was following her in the street. She turned sharply upon him.

"Master Harry, I know that this is only a little foolishness on your part, but if you don't leave off I shall lose my situation, and I'm sure you don't want to do me an injury."

Master Harry seemed sorry, and he promised not to follow her in the street again. And never thinking that it was he who had written the letter she received a few days after, she asked Annie, the upper housemaid, to read it. It contained reference to meetings and unalterable affection, and it concluded with a promise to marry her if she lost her situation through his fault. Esther listened like one stunned. A schoolboy's folly, the first silly sentimentality of a boy, a thing lighter than the lightest leaf that falls, had brought disaster upon her.

If Annie had not seen the letter she might have been able to get the boy to listen to reason; but Annie had seen the letter, and Annie could not be trusted. The story would be sure to come out, and then she would lose her character as well as her situation. It was a great pity: she had never been in a situation which suited her so well. Her mistress had promised to have her taught cooking at South Kensington, and a cook's wages would secure her and her child against all ordinary accidents. She might never get such a chance again. She might remain a kitchenmaid to the end of her days. Acting on the impulse of the moment she went straight to the drawing-room. Her mistress was alone. Esther handed her the letter. "I thought you had better see this at once, ma'am. I did not want you to think that it was my fault. Of course the young gentleman means no harm."

"Has any one seen this letter?"

"I showed it to Annie. I'm no scholar myself, and the writing is difficult."

"You have no reason for supposing——How often did Master Harry speak to you on the way?"

"Only twice, ma'am."

"Of course it is only a little foolishness. I needn't say that he doesn't mean what he says."

"I told him, ma'am, that if he continued that I should lose my situation."

"I'm sorry to part with you, Esther, but I really think that the best way will be for you to leave. I am much obliged to you for showing me this letter. Master Harry, you see, says that he is going away to the country for a week. He left this morning. So I really think that a month's wages will settle matters nicely. You are an excellent servant, and I shall be glad to recommend you." Then Esther heard her mistress mutter something about the danger of good-looking servants. She went to her desk. Esther was paid a month's wages, and left that afternoon.

(To be continued.)

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS, TOURISTS, AND TRAVELLERS.

Readers, temporarily absent from town, may have the SPECIAL EDITION of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, containing the LATEST NEWS, sent to ANY ADDRESS within the UNITED KINGDOM, for delivery by the first post on the following morning, at the rate of NINEPENCE PER WEEK, or ONE SHILLING PER WEEK to ANY ADDRESS upon the CONTINENT.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

General Hutton, the newly-appointed commandant of the military forces in New South Wales, is not finding his post all "beer and skittles." Some of the Radical papers are raising a hue and cry against his supposed "Imperialism," which apparently means that he desires to introduce British efficiency into the Colonial forces, and wishes also to render the services of the local troops available for their own and the neighbouring colonies' defence in the most complete manner possible. The charge that Major-General Hutton was creating dissatisfaction in local military circles by attempting to Imperialize the troops with a view to rendering them available for Imperial service in India or elsewhere when emergency required, was so persistently made that it at last evoked an official reply. In it Major-General Hutton's policy is defined as aiming at efficiency combined with economy. The Imperial authorities expected that the defences of the colony should be made as perfect as possible, not with a view to despatching local forces abroad, but in order that when international trouble arose British troops should not have to be sent to Australia. This principle was to be recognized not only in New South Wales, but in the other colonies as well. Major-General Hutton is also putting the pay and allowance of the officers on the same scale as those of the Imperial officers serving in South Africa.

AFFLICTED.

A comparison of the census returns for England, Scotland, and Ireland shows that at the date of the census there were in England and Wales 23,467 blind persons, in Scotland 2,797, and in Ireland 5,341. Thus in England the blind formed .08 per cent. of the population, in Scotland .07 per cent., and in Ireland .11 per cent., or in England and Wales one person in every 1,236 was blind, in Scotland one in 1,439, and in Ireland one in 881.

In England 14,192 persons were returned as deaf and dumb, and 1,523 as deaf from childhood. Other deaf persons being left out of consideration, the proportion of deaf and dumb in the population was .05 per cent., or 1 in 1,845. In Scotland there were 2,192 deaf and dumb (including 67 deaf from childhood), and the proportion was thus .05 per cent., or 1 in 1,836. In Ireland the number of the deaf and dumb was 3,365, being .07 per cent. of the population, or 1 in 1,398.

The total number of mentally deranged in England and Wales was 97,383; in Scotland there were 10,455 insane persons and 5,017 imbeciles; and in Ireland 14,945 lunatics and 6,243 idiots. The proportion of the population mentally deranged was thus, in England and Wales .33 per cent., or one in 298; in Scotland .37 per cent., or one in 262; and in Ireland .45 per cent., or 1 in 222.

"Without question the PALL MALL MAGAZINE is remarkable among the popular illustrated monthly periodicals for the number and beauty of its pictures, and the high finish which characterizes them."—Daily Telegraph.

"The PALL MALL MAGAZINE is rapidly taking to itself a position as one of the most readable and best of English magazines."—Daily Graphic.

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TITLE, PREFACE, AND INDEX TO VOL. I.
"SO WEARY" .. .. .. *COLOURED FRONTISPIECE.*
From an original painting by Miss E. G. Cohen.
THE HEROES OF THE RHONDDA VALE *H. D. RAWNSLEY.*
Illustrated by Miss M. Bowley.
MARQUISE DE BÉARN.
From an original picture by Kobarski, after an etching by J. Waltner.
THE SERE, THE YELLOW LEAF.—Part II. *MADAME SARAH GRAND.*
Illustrated by W. H. Margetson.
A VIEW ON THE TUMMEL, N.B.
From an Original Painting by J. MacWhirter, R.A. Engraved by R. Paterson.
SARAWAK .. .. *M. GRIFFITH.*
With Illustrations.
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. No. 1.—"In Time of Harvest."
By A. Maslin. Engraved by A. E. Fisher.
PIET VAN SLADEN'S WIFE .. .. .. *H. A. BRYDEN.*
Illustrated by J. S. Crompton.
THE BLACK ART.—Part III. .. .. .. *JAMES MEW.*
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THE FOLLIES OF FASHIONS.—Part IV. .. *MRS. PARR.*
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From an Original Drawing by "Rab."
WITHOUT PREJUDICE .. .. *I. ZANGWILL.*
With Thumbnail Sketches by L. Baumer.
THE FLOWING TIDE.
From an original drawing by T. D. S. Benham.
VEXED QUESTIONS:—
BIMETALLISM. { "The Case for Gold." By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.G.S., M.P. / "The Case for Silver." By Vicary Gibbs, M.P.
ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.
An Original Drawing by James Greig.
PALL MALL MAGAZINE DRAWING COMPETITION (No. IV.)
I. A Characteristic English Landscape. II. A Bit of Scottish Scenery. III. A Marine View.
Mr. Frangcon Noble, Mr. Michael Teale, Mr. K. E. Howarth, Mr. J. Sussex Hall, Prize Winners.

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THE LIST of APPLICATIONS for SHARES will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, the 4th instant, and will CLOSE on or before SATURDAY, the 7th instant, to both Town and Country.

According to the Accountants' report, dated the 22nd June, 1893, showing the returns for the last four years and eight months, the net profits have averaged 2½ per cent. of the gross receipts of the Circus, thus demonstrating its highly remunerative and satisfactory nature of this business.

An entire new combining a high-class circus and a light variety entertainment, the circus being famous for many years past in a very of the following important cities and towns:—

London, Munich, Rotterdam, Stuttgart, Liege, Brussels, Dublin, Carlsruhe, Berlin, Dublin, Brighton, Bale.

Herr Edward Wulff states the performances of this Circus have been patronised by several Members of the Royal Family of England, and other illustrious and distinguished personages, of whom the following may be mentioned:—

H.I.M. the Emperor of Austria,
His Majesty the King of Italy,
His Majesty the King of Bavaria,
Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians,
H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge,
H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh,
The Grand Duke of Darmstaat,
H.I.M. the Shah of Persia,
His Majesty the King of Saxony,
His Majesty the King of Wurtemburg,
H.S.H. the Grand Duke of Baden,
H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife,
His Excellency the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland,
The Duke of Fife,
And many others.

It is proposed that the Circus shall be located in London for a large portion of the year, it being a well-known fact that at the present time there is a want of such a class of entertainment in the Metropolis.

WULFF'S CIRCUS (LIMITED), proposed to be carried on in London, in Argyll-street, Regent-street, at the premises formerly occupied and known as Hengler's Circus. Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

CAPITAL, £55,000, divided into

27,500 8 per Cent Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each £27,500
27,500 Ordinary Shares of £1 each 27,500
55,000 £55,000

Of the above, £10,000 in preference and ordinary shares will be allotted to the vendor in part payment of the purchase-money. The balance is now offered for subscription, payable 5s. on application, 5s. on allotment, and the balance one month after allotment.

DIRECTORS.
Sir John D. Astley, Bart., Elsham Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire.
Edward Rawlings, Esq. (Chairman of the Canterbury and Faragon Company, Limited), 19, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.
John Compton, Esq., Groome Hall, Leicester.
Richard Bell, Esq., 30, Lonsdowne-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
Herr Edward Wulff, Wulff's Circus, London, managing Director.
Will join the Board after Allotment.
BUSINESS MANAGERS.—Messrs. Jean Lautgens, Antwerp, and Hengler's Circus, London.
SOLICITORS.—Messrs. Frith and Clarke, 6, Lombard-street, E.C., and 4, Argyll-street, London.
BANKERS.—Parr's Banking Company and The Alliance Bank (Limited), 8, Bartholomew-lane, London, E.C., and Branches.
SECRETARIES.—Messrs. Fowler and Co., 28, Abchurch-lane, Lombard-street, E.C.
SECRETARY.—H. Cleland Haywood.
OFFICES.—2, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This eminently high-class Circus is for the purpose of acquiring from the owner, Herr Edward Wulff, and carrying on the well-known Circus and Variety Entertainment ("Wulff's Continental Circus") which has been very successful in many of the principal Circus in the Continent of Europe and Great Britain.

An option has been secured of the unexpired term of about 21 years of the lease and premises situate at No. 4, Argyll-street, Regent-street, absolutely occupied and known as Hengler's Circus.

The books and accounts have been examined by Mr. A. T. Lucas, C.A., one of the firm of Messrs. Irish and Clarke, Lombard-court, London, whose report is as follows:—

London, 22rd June, 1893.

To the Directors of Wulff's Circus (Limited), London.

Gentlemen,—As requested by you, I have examined the books and documents of Herr Wulff for the past four years and eight months, showing the results of the Circus for that period, and I find same to be as follows:—

From June, 1888, to February, 1893 (four years and eight months).

1888. June 9th, to 16th, June 30th ...	£22,121	15 0
1889. June 30th, to 1890, June 30th ...	24,560	0 11
1890. July 1st, to 1891, May 3rd (ten months) ...	19,320	3 4
1891. May 9th, to 1892, April 30th ...	20,448	6 0
1892. May 1st, to 1893, February 28th (ten months) ...	17,503	18 5

I have further ascertained that the net profits have been at the average rate of 2½ per cent. of gross receipts, not allowing for interest upon capital.

I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. T. LUCAS, C.A.

The net profits on the above basis, from 1st May, 1891, to 28th February, 1893 (same ratio of receipts), would show an average for two complete years at the rate of £7,167 per annum; of this amount, after payment of 8 per cent. on the Preference Shares, viz., £2,200, and setting aside the sum of £1,000 for the expenses of management, there would remain £3,967, equal to a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares of the Company.

The directors have secured by an agreement the exclusive services of Herr Edward Wulff for a period of five years, so that no alteration will take place in the management of the business.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or at the offices of the Bankers or Solicitors of the Company.

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OROYA	6,087 ...	7,000 ... Oct. 6
ORIENT ...	5,265 ...	6,000 ... Oct. 20
ORMUZ	6,013 ...	7,000 ... Nov. 3
OKOTAVA.	5,852 ...	7,000 ... Nov. 17
ORUBA	5,852 ...	7,000 ... Dec. 1
AUSTRAL	5,524 ...	7,000 ... Dec. 15

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Outward sailing from Tilbury Docks. Fares, from £11 11s. to £70. Cheap Return Tickets.

For passage apply to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, 25, Cockspur-street, S.W., or to Messrs. Grindlay and Co., and Anderson, Anderson, and Co.; Head Offices, Fenchurch-avenue, London.

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